



*J. Pin. inv. & sculp.*



*J. Pin. inv. & Aulp.*



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF THE  
Prince of Clermont,  
AND  
MADAM *de Ravezan*:  
A  
NOVEL.

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IN FOUR PARTS.

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*By a Person of QUALITY.*

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Done from the French,  
By the AUTHOR of ILDEGERTE.

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*And is it given me thus again to hold thee,  
Thus to devour thee with a thousand Kisses?  
With clasping Arms embracing and embrac'd,  
To taste a thousand Joys! O 'tis Illusion all!  
Speak, shining Creature, every Sense awakes  
To find thee out—The Parting was a Pain,  
The Joy to meet is ample Satisfaction.*

Lord Lansdown's Heroick Love.

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# THE ADVENTURES

OF THE

STING OF GRAYSON

AND  
NOVEL



By the

Author of the

History of the

British Museum

London



*The Adventures of the*  
**Prince of CLERMONT,**  
*and Madam DE RA-*  
**VEZAN.**

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**PART I.**

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**G**REAT were the Rejoicings throughout *France* for the Victory which *Lewis* had obtain'd over the *Dutch* ; *Madam de Ravazan* was the only Person who could not partake of the general Joy. The Prince of *Clermont* filled all her Thoughts, and whilst Content appear'd in every Face, Fear had possess'd her Heart. She knew too well that the Battel of *Tolbus* had cost

the *French* much Blood, and that, amongst others, several Persons of Note had fallen; a sudden Dread invaded her, and much she hop'd, but more she fear'd. But she did not long continue in this cruel State of Uncertainty; Fame, which takes delight in publishing great and laudable Actions, soon told her, that the Prince of *Clermont*, after having signaliz'd himself most heroically in the Battel, had receiv'd a dangerous Wound. I will not pretend to describe her Grief, which no Tongue can utter, and which cannot enter into the Thoughts of any, but of those whose Hearts have felt the Passion, and have known the Object of their Love in an equal Danger; and even these cannot be Judges of it, for not only there was too great a probability of losing the Man whom she lov'd dearer than Life itself, but her Honour, her darling Honour was at stake. This put her upon an Undertaking worthy of so great a Soul, but too dangerous, too toilsome for one of her Sex; notwithstanding this, she determined to go through it, and to this end calling *Tournon* (this was the Name of a Gentleman belonging to the Prince, and whom he had left with her when he set out for the Army;) You are very sensible, *Tournon*, says *she*, how necessary it is for me to speak with the Prince of *Clermont* before he dies, and I do not see how it can possibly be done unless I go  
to



to him; nay, do not start, nor endeavour to dissuade me from my Design: the Resolution is taken, and I must execute it. Go therefore, prepare every thing necessary; but, above all, get me a Man's Apparel, for in that Disguise am I resolv'd to pursue my Journey.

*Tournon* endeavour'd to shew the Danger she expos'd herself to, and how the World would censure her Conduct; but she drying up her Tears, which had flow'd in abundance whilst he spoke, answer'd him, In vain you'll urge a thousand Reasons, the Resolution's taken, nor can it now be alter'd; if the World censures me, 'twill be most unjustly: I have still this Comfort left, the Necessity of my Journey is not unknown to you; go therefore, and with all the haste you can, get every thing ready. *Tournon* bow'd submissively, and retir'd to do what had been commanded him.

Scarce was he got out of the Room, when a Servant came and told *Madam de Ravezan*, that *Vilneufve*, the Prince's Valet de Chambre, was arriv'd: Alas! says she, the Prince is dead! This killing Thought pierc'd into the very inmost Recesses of her Heart, and congeal'd her vital Blood; she fell down without Sense or Motion, and much ado had her Attendants to stop that fleeting Life which seem'd upon the Wing; but at the last recovering, she languishingly cast her

half-opened Eyes around, then fixed them on *Vilneufve* (who had run into the Room, being called by the redoubled Shrieks of her Women) and, with a faint Voice, asked him in what Condition he had left the Prince. The Surgeons, Madam, *says he*, have judg'd his Wounds mortal; of which being inform'd, he order'd me to set out Post for *Paris*, that I might let you know it, and at the same time tell you, that if any thing can add to the Grief of being for ever parted from you, 'tis the Thoughts of dying without seeing you. Alas! my Prince, *says she* (hurry'd by her Passion) if the Sight of me can be of any Comfort to you, you shall not long want it. Then composing herself a little, Has not the Prince, *said she* to *Vilneufve*, order'd you to see the Dutchess his Mother? This unexpected Question so confounded him, that he could not answer, and a guilty Blush overspread his Face; \*but Madam *de Ravexan* was so bury'd in Grief, that she never perceiv'd it: and he soon recollecting himself, No, Madam, *said he*, the Prince order'd me to take care that the Dutchess should know nothing of my being in Town. Why then, *reply'd she*, the best way will be not to go abroad; retire, *Vilneufve*, and repose yourself; to-morrow you must set out with me by Break of Day.



As soon as *Vilneufve* was gone, *Madam de Ravezan's* Waiting-Gentlewoman (a Girl whom she tenderly lov'd, and in whom she had always plac'd an entire Confidence) drew near her, and, with Tears in her Eyes, besought her not to execute her intended Resolution: Consider, *Madam*, said she, how dangerous it is to travel thus unattended: should you be known in your Disguise, your Reputation will be for ever blasted; or, *Madam*, should the Prince recover, as dearly as he loves you, he himself will condemn the rash Design.

*Madam de Ravezan* listen'd attentively to what *la Motte* said; there was so much Truth in her words, that it was impossible they should anger her: but as she had resolv'd to conceal her Journey from this prudent Maid, well knowing that she would use her utmost Art to dissuade her from it, she was vex'd to find that *la Motte* had heard of it; wherefore, in an angry manner, I thought *Tournon* more prudent, said she. Do not blame *Tournon*, *Madam*, answer'd *la Motte*, I have not seen him since he last waited on you; but whilst you was talking to him, I was sitting in your Closet; I really thought you knew it, else had I not been so bold as to listen to a Secret which you did not think me worthy of. At this *Madam de Ravezan*, tenderly embracing her, reply'd, If I have hid any thing from you,

my dear *la Motte*, it was because I knew you would oppose my Design, beg me to put it off, and I must have had the Grief of refusing you. You will go then, Madam, *reply'd la Motte*, and leave me here behind, under continual Apprehensions for your Safety? What would you have me do? *reply'd Madam de Ravezan*, my cruel Stars hurry me away; but to shew you that, after the Prince of *Clermont*, I have nothing on Earth dearer than you, take my Jewels, take every thing of mine that is valuable, carry it all to *Vineuil*, *Tournon's* Father; if the Prince dies, you will have enough to spend the remainder of your days happily with *Tournon*; he loves you, he deserves you, and was he but rich——But, Madam, *interrupted la Motte*, you talk as if you had no Design to survive the Prince, your Despair could not certainly hurry you to any fatal Resolution.

She was going on, when *Tournon* enter'd the Room, to tell Madam de *Ravezan*, that every thing was ready for her Journey. Do you know, *said she*, that *Vilneufve* is arriv'd? And what News? *reply'd he hastily*; how does the Prince? As much as she endeavour'd it, yet was she not able to answer one word; Grief stopt her Voice, and *Tournon* left her, to go and enquire *Vilneufve* out. He found him in close Conference with his Brother, and having ask'd him concerning the Prince,

Prince, he reply'd in the same manner, and with the same Confusion as when with *Madam de Ravezan*. *Tourne* perceiv'd it, and being somewhat surpriz'd, ask'd him a thousand Questions; all which he answer'd with so much Hesitation, and in such a Disorder, that he began to apprehend that there was some Evil designed: for, said he to himself, I found him lock'd up with his Brother, whom I know to be a Villain. They were both confounded when I came in, and that suspicious Fear, which appear'd in their Looks, seem'd plainly to discover that there was some cursed Treason lurking in their Hearts.

Disquieted with Thoughts of this nature, he resolv'd one while to declare his Suspicions to *Madam de Ravezan*; then reflecting that they might increase her Grief, but would not, he was assur'd, make her change her Resolution, he determin'd as yet to conceal them, and endeavour, if possibly he could, to search into the bottom of their Design. But whilst he was revolving all these things in his Mind, he was interrupted by one, who came to tell him, that Dinner was serv'd.

As soon as it was over, *Madam de Ravezan* order'd all her Servants to set out for her Country-house, and to stay there till her Return from ———, where she gave out she was going for the Benefit of the Waters,

Waters, accompany'd with *la Motte*, and another Woman only. No sooner were they gone, but she sent for *Tournon's* Father, and told him, She was oblig'd to undertake a small Journey; that *la Motte* not having had her Health lately, she lov'd her too well to expose her to any Fatigue; and therefore I desire, continu'd she, that she may stay with your Wife till my Return. I need not, I believe, recommend her to you, since by taking care of her, you will lay as great an Obligation on *Tournon* as on me. My Son's Interest need not be join'd with yours, Madam, reply'd *Vineuil*, to make me punctual in the Obedience of your Commands. I thank you, answer'd Madam de *Ravezan*, you were always kind. *Vineuil* retir'd, and Madam de *Ravezan*, conducting him to the Chamber-door, perceiv'd *Tournon* in the next Room, taking his leave of *la Motte*; and, being unwilling to interrupt them, retir'd into her Clofet. But the Lovers could make no use of the Opportunity she gave them; for *la Motte* was so griev'd at the Thoughts of losing her Mistress, and especially seeing her go in an Equipage so unbecoming the natural Modesty of her Sex, that she scarce listen'd to what the amorous *Tournon* said. As cruel as this was, he was too reasonable to be offended at the Affection she bore her Lady, and therefore left her, without complaining of any thing but the



*P. of Clermont and M. Ravezan.* 13  
the cruel Necessity which forc'd him away  
from her.

Never was a Night spent in a more restless manner by these four Persons: scarce did the Morning's-Dawn appear, before they rose; and *Madam de Ravezan* having put on her Man's Apparel, tenderly embrac'd *la Motte*, and said all that she thought might be capable of giving Comfort to her afflicted Soul; but finding that her words, instead of healing, did but increase her Grief, she left her, and got on Horseback so well disguised, that even *Vilneufve* himself did not know her. This troubled him extremely, supposing that she had alter'd her Resolution. He was about to ask *Tournon* the Reason of it, when *Madam de Ravezan* spoke, and by her Voice made herself known to him; it was to ask *Tournon*, whether there was no Danger upon the Roads: There always is, *Madam*, reply'd he, but in War-time especially, we can never say we are safe. No matter, said she, Fortune can have no greater Evils in store for me.

Two days they continu'd their Journey without any particular Adventure; and tho it was at a Season when the Sun darts its scorching Rays with the greatest force, yet was the Air so temperate, that they might travel all the Day; and had not *Madam de Ravezan's* Grief sat so heavy on her Soul, she might have diverted herself very agreeably;

bly ; since, wherever she came, the Women all contended for the Honour of serving her, so lovely a Youth did she appear to be.

The third Day, as they were riding into the Inn, where they intended to dine, they heard a loud Shriek from a Window over against it ; and scarce was *Madam de Ravezan* alighted, when she found herself in the Arms of a young Woman, who call'd her, her dear little Husband, and ask'd the Reason why she had been forsaken so soon after their Marriage. *Madam de Ravezan* was so surpriz'd, that she could not answer a word, but had certainly been stifled by the Embraces of this young Woman, if *Tournon* had not disengag'd her from her Arms : I am very sorry, *Madam*, said he, that the Joy, which appears in your Face, must be so short-liv'd, but I cannot bear that the Resemblance between your Spouse and this Gentleman should any longer deceive you ; he is my Brother, we have always liv'd together, and I am very well assur'd that he never had the Honour of seeing you before. Our fair Stranger, who was in hopes of having a Husband lie with her that Night, was now resolv'd not to be disappointed ; and finding that her Spouse was willing to get away from her, said all that Rage can inspire a Woman with, who thinks herself scorn'd. *Tournon* told her, That his Brother could not be marry'd, that he  
was



was a Knight of *Malta*: but she was so transported with Anger, that she no longer deign'd to hear him. The Mob began to gather, and *Madam de Ravezan* thought that the best way of getting off, before they were overwhelm'd with the Cluster of approaching People, was to undeceive the fond Fair-one by her effeminate Voice: I must confess, *Madam, said she*, that there is scarce a Man but would be glad to carry on this Deceit to the last, but I am not in a Capacity at present——She was going on, but her pretended Spouse, sensible of her Mistake, was preparing to ask a thousand Pardons, when her Brother, who came along with her, in a Passion seiz'd her Arm, and dragg'd her hastily thro' the sneering Crowd; and *Madam de Ravezan*, well-pleas'd with her Deliverance from this impertinent Creature, hasten'd into her Inn, and order'd her Dinner immediately to be got ready.

*Tournon* finding an Opportunity of being alone with *Madam de Ravezan*, and willing to divert her Sorrows, began to entertain her about what had happen'd: I am afraid, *Madam, said he*, we shall meet with more Adventures of this kind before we come to our Journey's End, so strange an Effect has your Beauty upon all the Women who see you. Was not my Soul prepossess'd with Grief, *reply'd she*, I might take some pleasure

sure in these Adventures; but in the Condition I now am, they are most troublesome: besides, it cannot be very satisfactory to see the forward Fondness of my Sex; what Weakness is there in all their Actions! their Freedom to Strangers is intolerable, and I could almost wish myself what I only outwardly appear to be.

*Tournon* was about to reply, when a Servant of the Inn came up, and told them that their Horses were saddled, and out of the Stable: *Madam Ravezan* seem'd displeased at it, she was in no great haste to be gone, and one would have thought she plainly foresaw what would happen; but *Vilneufve* coming up, press'd her to go, telling her that their Afternoon's Stage was very long, and that if they did not make haste, they should surely be benighted.

They had gone on seven or eight Miles, when coming near a little Wood, ten Men well mounted issued forth, and the foremost of 'em seiz'd *Madam de Ravezan's* Bridle; but seeing that *Tournon* made a vigorous Resistance against his Companions, who had attack'd him, he let go her Horse, and riding up to *Tournon* Sword in hand, Wretch, said he, thou must die. *Tournon* by his Voice knew him to be *Vilneufve's* Brother: Cursed Traitors, cry'd he, your Number makes you valiant. He had not time to say any more, he was so press'd on every side; but finding

finding means to disengage himself from amongst them, he turn'd his Horse towards their Leader, and riding up to him, plung'd his Sword to the very Hilt in his Body. *Vilneufve* no sooner saw his Brother fall, but coming from behind a Tree where he had hid himself during the Combat, he join'd the Ravishers: *Tournon* defended himself with all the Courage imaginable, but at last, overpowered by their Number, having received several Wounds, and growing weak thro loss of Blood, he fell; nor did he fall before his Sword had pierced that Traitor *Vilneufve*. Madam *Ravezan* saw her brave Defender sink; Horror and Despair appear'd in her Countenance, and not one of the Ravishers durst approach her: but so tumultuous were the different Passions which labour'd in her Breast, that they overpower'd Nature, and she fell down in a Swoon. The strongest of them set her upon his Horse before him, and with his Companions took a By-road which went across the Country, one only returning to the Place where they had fought, to take out of *Vilneufve's* Brother's Pocket some Letters, which were absolutely necessary to them. As soon as he had taken them, mov'd with a generous Concern for the unhappy Fate of the valiant *Tournon*, he turned towards him to see if it was not yet too late to succour him; but his Ears were saluted with the  
chiding

chiding of Hounds, and the Shouts of Huntsmen; wherefore with Speed he left the Place, and hastening after his Companions, overtook them just at the time when Madam *de Ravezan*, coming to herself, said to the Person that held her, Wretch, where wouldst thou hurry me? but you will not carry me far; I feel the Hand of Death upon me, nor is the Loss of Life grievous, since thereby you will lose the hoped-for Reward of your Treachery. Speaking thus, she swooned away again. This very much surpriz'd her Ravishers, who fear'd that she was dead; and as they were not all without Humanity, some of them were very sensibly affected, particularly a Gentleman belonging to the Count *de Rauffillon*, named *Jonville*, who was ignorant of the Villany he was sent upon. This poor Gentleman knew not what to resolve: on the one hand he saw that the Lady must certainly die, if they did not stop, and give her some timely Assistance; on the other, after what had happen'd, the least Delay might prove dangerous: at the last, Compassion prevailed, and Self-Preservation for a while was forgotten: he therefore had her conducted into a little Wood, which was on the way, and there alighting, they set her down, and sent for Water, but long was that, and all other means, used in vain; at length, with much ado, she came to herself, and



and fetching a deep Sigh, and naming the Prince several times, she opened her Eyes, and casting 'em in a languishing manner on *Jonville*, seemed to ask him the reason why such Violence had been offer'd her: but he submissively approaching her, said, I take Heaven to witness, Madam, that your Sufferings cannot more sensibly affect you, than they do me; command me, Madam, and I'll do any thing to convince you that my Heart is not capable of any base or villanous Action. If what you say be true, *reply'd she with a faint Voice*, why did you suffer one of the bravest Men of *France* to be assassinated before your Face? Ah! Madam, *cry'd Jonville*, tho the Appearance of things may seem to condemn me, yet do not you, before you've heard me plead. Speak then, and justify yourself if you can, *answer'd she*. Neither the Place nor Time will now permit me, Madam, *reply'd he*, to say all that I have to say; but know in short, that some days ago, a Person of the first Quality sent for me, and taking me into her Closer, I know, *said she*, that I may depend upon you as a Friend, you are a Man of Judgment, capable of undertaking and executing the most difficult Designs; for this reason I have cast my Eyes upon you, hoping that you won't refuse to serve a Relation of mine, a Woman of Quality and Fortune, and who has a Daughter in love with

a Man much beneath herself: every Art has been used to keep 'em asunder, and prevent their seeing one another, but the greater the Obstacles laid in their way, the fiercer their Passion grew; and she is informed that this Daughter, disguis'd in Man's Apparel, is gone off with her Lover this Morning: Make haste then, get on horseback, that you may go with the Company I have provided for you; you need not fear overtaking them, since we are sure of the Road they have taken: as soon as you have her in your power, carry her to the Count *de Roussillon*, your Master's House, you know he is my Friend, and I am sure he will be glad of an Opportunity of obliging me. Believe me Madam, *continued* Jonville, had I not been most sensibly obliged to this Lady, I would have desired her to excuse me. Your Story surprizes me much, *reply'd* Madam de Ravezan; but pray now of what Province is the Count *de Roussillon*? Of *Languedoc*, Madam, *answer'd* Jonville. If so, *reply'd the Lady*, I shall make no great difficulty of going thither, nor shall my Weakness (and as she spoke she rose) hinder me from pursuing my Journey. *Jonville* extremely well pleased with her Resolution, and desirous of leaving a Place in which he thought they had already staid too long, order'd her Horse to be brought, and he himself help'd her to mount.

Mean



Mean while *Tournon*, tho' full of Wounds, and bath'd in Blood, had so much of the Gentleman in him, that a young Noble, nam'd *Charny*, who with his hunting Equipage was passing that way, no sooner perceiv'd him, but he hastily got off from his Horse, to see whether it was not yet too late to lend him some Assistance. They turned him on every Side, but finding no sign of Life in him, were going to mount again; when *Charny's* Valet de Chambre, who, of his own accord, had run to fetch some Water, return'd; and dashing it at once in *Tournon's* Face, he fetch'd a small Sigh, and faintly open'd his Eyes. *Charny* overjoy'd to see there was some little Life remaining, order'd his Wounds to be bound up, sent some of his Servants to his Seat, which was but just on t'other Side the Wood, to fetch a Hand-Litter, whilst others were dispatch'd to the neighbouring Town for Surgeons; then turning about to one of his Friends, *said Charny*, I think it would not be amiss to search his Pockets, there probably we may find something which may give us an Insight into the Cause of this unhappy Disaster. Scarce had he spoken, when he pull'd a Purse out of *Tournon's* Pocket, wherein he found some Pieces of Gold, and a Case, which held the Picture of so regular a Beauty, that the young Noble, amaz'd, cry'd out, No longer is the fatal

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fatal Cause a Secret, too plainly I can read it in this beauteous Face. He was going on, when those, who had been dispatch'd for a Litter, arriv'd. Upon this he shut the Case, order'd his Servants to take *Tour-non* up, and carry him very gently home. As he was speaking, one of his Men came up to him, and told him, There was another of the Men, who was not quite dead, and ask'd, whether any Care must be taken of him also. *Charny answer'd*, Doubtless there must; and then mounting, made haste home, to give *Madam d'Ambures*, his Mother, timely notice of this Adventure. He found her on a Terrass-Walk taking the Air, in the company of *Aubry*, who formerly had been her Childrens Governante, and whom she dearly lov'd. As soon as the good Lady perceiv'd her Son, she ask'd him what Sport he had had that day. You will soon be convinc'd, *Madam*, *reply'd Charny*, that I have spent my time to-day much better than in hunting. He was going on with his Story, when the Servants, who carry'd *Tour-non*, appear'd; at sight of whom *Madam d'Ambures* shriek'd: but her Son begg'd her not to discompose herself, and guessing her Thoughts, assur'd her, that he had no hand in the bloody Work, but that Compassion had oblig'd him to succour those whom he found in that Condition, and desir'd that

*Aubry*

*Aubry* might be sent to prepare two Apartments for the two wounded Men.

The Chamber to which *Tournon* was carry'd, was near that of young *Charny*. Here they put him to bed, and he lay but a very little while before the Surgeons came; meanwhile *Charny* inform'd his Mother of the State in which he found *Tournon*, and she, mov'd with Pity, told him, that nothing ought to be spar'd for the Recovery of one, who, according to all outward Appearance, was a Man of Quality; and willing to see him nearer, gave *Charny* her Hand, to conduct her to his Apartment.

They were then dressing his Wounds, and as his Stomach lay uncover'd, the Lady perceiv'd a Mark just over his Heart, which so troubled and confounded her, that she fell into a Swoon. Her Son, who lov'd her tenderly, ran to her Assistance, help'd to carry her into her Chamber, and laid her on her Bed, where in a little time she came to herself. *Charny* tenderly embrac'd her, and told her, He was griev'd to think that he himself should be the Cause of this Accident, by carrying her to see the Stranger's Wounds. There is nothing new in what has happen'd, reply'd Madam d' Ambures; and such horrid Spectacles have often had the same Effect upon those of our Sex, who are not accusom'd to the Sight of Blood: But *Charny*, continu'd she, I conjure you, by the

filiat

filial Love you always bore me, to take care that this Gentleman wants nothing, and that the Surgeons should employ their utmost Skill about him ; for, methought, there was something noble in him, and I sincerely believe him a Man of Quality. There is no need, Madam, *answer'd Charny*, of recommending him to my Care ; for as soon as I first saw him, I had a strong Inclination in me of serving him. If so, *reply'd the Lady*, be so kind as to inquire what the Surgeons think of his Wounds, and after you have supp'd let me know their Opinion, for I do not care for stirring out of my Chamber to-night.

*Charny* being gone, Madam d' Ambures went immediately to Bed, and order'd her Women to leave her ; they obey'd, and she fell into so profound a Reverie, that nothing could have drawn her out of it but *Charny's* Return. The first Question she ask'd him, was, Whether he had already supp'd ? Could there be any pleasure for me at Table, Madam, *reply'd he*, when not only you were absent, but also indispos'd ? I am very much oblig'd to you for your Tenderness, *reply'd the Lady*, but all this while you don't tell me what the Surgeons say of the wounded Men. As for him, *reply'd Charny*, who mov'd our Compassion the most, they build some hopes upon the Strength of his Constitution ; but for the other, they affirm his Wound's



Wound's mortal. I am sorry for him, *answer'd she*, but since the Case is such, if he does recover Strength enough to speak, you ought to enquire into the Cause of their bloody Combat. If we may judge from Appearances, *said Charny*, I am afraid Love had too great a share in it; *and giving her the Picture*, 'Tis this, *continued he*, that has made me suspect it. Madam d'Ambures was surprized at the sight of so beautiful a Face. I do not in the least doubt, *said she*, but that if the Original be as fine as the Picture, she is capable of enflaming the Soul with Love, and of being the occasion even of greater Quarrels than this. I am very much mistaken, *said Charny*, if ever I am engaged in such Broils as this by Love. For God's sake, *reply'd Aubry*, (*who came in with him*) don't be too positive, your Turn may come: but we forget, Sir, that my Lady is indisposed, and wants Rest. Your Advice is good, *answer'd Charny*, and I'll follow it. Then taking his leave of Madam d'Ambures, he went to Tournon's Chamber, which was very near his own Apartment, to ask once more in what Condition he was; they told him he was just fallen into a gentle Slumber: pleased with the News, *Charny retir'd*, and went to bed.

Several Days were spent thus without their being able to get the least knowledge

of the Adventure of their Sick: this very much disquieted Madam d'Ambures, who impatiently longed to know who *Tournon* was. However, *Charny* still diverted himself, and went a hunting as usual. One Morning, as he was rising early, with an Intent to chase the Stag, he was amazed to see his Chaplain hastily come into his Chamber, and ask'd him what brought him there. I come, Sir, reply'd the Priest, to tell you that one of the wounded Men who were brought hither, I mean him who all along was so impatient, has just now resign'd his Breath: And has he given you no account of the occasion of their Quarrel? cry'd *Charny* hastily. He has, Sir, reply'd the Chaplain, and if you will let me talk in private to you, I'll inform you of what he, with his dying Words, begg'd me that I would. Upon this, *Charny* deferr'd the Hunting-Match till the morrow; and undressing himself, and getting into Bed again, ordered his Servants to leave him: they retir'd, and the Chaplain sitting by the Bed-side, began his Tale in the following manner.







*The History of Vilneufve.*

I Was but just got to-bed last night, when this poor Wretch's Nurse came and knock'd at my Chamber-door, and told me that her Master desired to speak with me ; I rose and went into his Chamber, where I found him expecting me with Impatience, and desiring me to sit upon his Bed, and to listen attentively to what he had to say ; he began his Relation thus :

I had the Honour of belonging to the Prince of *Clermont*, and had good reason to believe, that after *Tournon* (that's the Name of the Gentleman, who, by the Description given me, was brought to this House at the same time with me) no one had a greater share in his Confidence ; but this very thing has proved my Ruin, as you will find by what I shall relate. In the Battle of *Tolhus*, my Prince having behaved himself most bravely, was wounded so dangerously, that the Surgeons despair'd of his Life ; but as they were not unacquainted with my Lord's Courage, they made no difficulty of letting him into their Opinion. The Prince, unmoved, heard what they had to say, and

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then

then calling me to his Bed-side, and ordering all his Servants to depart the Room; Dear *Vilneufve*, said he, give me Pen, Ink, and Paper; once more before I die, let me write to the Dutchess my Mother, and to the beauteous *Ravezan*; that's the Name of a Lady whom he dearly loved. I endeavoured all I could to dissuade him from it, justly supposing that he could not do it without incommoding himself very much. With much ado he finished two little Notes, and then addressing himself to me again, Go, dear *Vilneufve*, take Post immediately for *Paris*; but above all, I charge you to alite at *Madam de Ravezan's* House, deliver her my Letter, beg her not to grieve for me, but sometimes to bestow a Moment's Thought upon the unhappy Prince of *Clermont*, and tell *Tournon* that he should hasten to me, to receive the last Tokens of my Friendship. Here, continued *Vilneufve*, my Grief was so strong, I shou'd not have been able to have obey'd the Prince, had not I considered, that whilst I was serving his Love, I was at the same time employ'd about my own, and should have the Happiness of seeing *Monimia*, (that's the Name of one of the Gentlewomen belonging to the Dutchess of *Clermont*, and whom I passionately loved :) The Hope of seeing the Object of our Wishes, after a long Absence, is so

so engaging, that 'tis no wonder I was so very ready to obey the Prince, tho the Condition he was then in, gave me reason to fear, that let my Diligence in returning be ever so great, I should not find him alive. I therefore set out without loss of time, and the next day reach'd *Paris*, where, forgetting the Commands of my Prince, and listening only to the Dictates of my Love, I went and alited at the Dutcheſs's House, and going up to her Apartment, unfortunately met *Monimia*; I flew into her Arms, and was saying all that a fond Passion can inspire, when the Dutcheſs, who had notice given her of my Arrival, enter'd the Room, and, in an angry manner, told me that 'twas not now a time to think of Love, but rather of giving her an account of the Condition I had left her Son in. Upon this I advanced towards her, and not knowing what I did, search'd for the Prince's Letter, but mistaking, gave her that which was directed to *Madam de Ravezan*; she took it, and walking in a disorder'd manner round the Room, she read it: then turning towards me, Your Love for *Monimia*, said she, must doubtless be very great, since it has so blinded you, that you don't know the Prince's Mother from his Mistress. I understood her Meaning then but too well, and confounded at her Words, search'd for

the other Letter, and gave it her: She opened it in a very eager manner, read it, and then looking furiously on me, Your Imprudence, *said she*, has made you commit a Fault which there is but one way to atone: if therefore you would make sure of *Monimia*, give up the Interest of my Son, to embrace mine, and be punctual in the Obedience of what I shall command. To this I answer'd never a word, and the Dutchess apprehending that it would be no easy matter to draw me over to her Party, went out, and sent *Monimia* to me. I no sooner saw her, but I cry'd out as if my Heart had been pierced with some sudden Grief, nor was it without Reason that I did so, for all *she* ask'd of me, I consented to, and then *she* left me to inform the Dutchess of it; who returning to the Chamber, said, Well, *Vilneufve*, has Love play'd its part, and are you ready to obey my Commands? I answer'd her, but in Confusion, that I was. If so, *reply'd she*, go immediately and find *Madam de Ravexan* out, tell her my Son is dead, observe all her Actions, take notice of whatever Grief shall inspire her with, and then return and give me an exact account of all. I promised her I would, but as I moved farther from *Monimia*, my Soul was filled with Irresolutions: in this State I came to her House, not knowing exactly what I should



should say ; but that Lady no sooner heard of my Arrival, but fearing that I came with melancholy News, she fell into a Swoon, and my Soul was so moved with Pity, that I could not comply with what the Dutchess had commanded. I therefore gave her a true account of the Condition in which I had left the Prince ; but how fatal has my dealing thus sincerely proved ! for my Story made *Madam de Ravezan* persist in her Resolution of going to the Prince, and she order'd me to be ready the next Day, to set out with her. Being thus perplex'd in mind, and not knowing what to do, I sent to a Brother of mine, desiring him to come and give me a little good Advice ; accordingly he came, and I related the whole Story to him, the Mistake of the Letters, the Dutchess's Request, with my Behaviour and Promises, nor did I conceal our intended Journey from him. As he was naturally ambitious, and believed the Dutchess in giving *Monimia* to my Love, would at the same time do something very considerable for me ; he advised me to sacrifice every thing to my Interest, and think of nothing but making my Fortune : and as I was still in a State of Uncertainty, he undertook to go back to the Dutchess, and give her an account of the then Posture of our Affairs. He told her that I could not pretend to tell *Madam de Rave-*

*zan* that the Prince was dead, for coming to her House, I had been informed that she had that moment received a Letter, in which she had an account given her of the Prince's Condition. Returning from her, he told me that the Dutchess had resolved to have *Madam de Ravezan* taken up, lest, if her Son recover'd, he should marry her, and at the same time thought 'twould be the best way to get entirely rid of *Tournon*. But what, said I, interrupting him, shall we do with *Madam de Ravezan*? We'll carry her, *answer'd he*, to the Count *de Roussillon's* Seat in *Languedoc*; you know, the Dutchess and he are good Friends: mean while you shall hasten to the Prince, and tell him that *Madam de Ravezan* is run away with *Tournon*, and that their Love had long been the Town-Talk.

This Matter being wholly agreed upon, I waited with the greatest Pain and Impatience imaginable, for the hour of our Departure; but this Pain was much augmented, when, mounting our Horses, I saw nobody but *Tournon* and a young Gentleman: nor was my Error clear'd up to me, till by her Voice, I found the supposed Gentleman, was *Madam de Ravezan* in that Disguise.

Hitherto, *continued the Chaplain*, he spoke with Courage, but on a sudden his Voice  
faul-

faulter'd, and it was no easy Matter to understand what he said, which was to conjure you, that you would give immediate notice to the Prince of all that he had told me, for those were his last Words: and some few Minutes after he expired. Mankind, *said Charny*, I must confess, are guilty of many weak and foolish Actions, but those proceeding from Love, I take to be the most dangerous, seeing that this Passion makes us guilty of things which are the most contradictory to Sense and Reason. The Priest here thought it his Business to moralize a little, but *Charny*, already weary'd with his Story, desired him to retire, and send his Servants to him.

No sooner was he up and dress'd, but he call'd *Santeuil*, who, during his Youth, had been his Governour, but now was his Bosom Confidant; and giving him a short account of what the Chaplain had related, ask'd him what he thought was best to be done in such a Case: *Santeuil* told him the Prince ought to have notice given him of what had been done against him. I entirely fall in with your Opinion, *reply'd Charny*, and am glad of an Opportunity of serving the Prince, and shewing him that I am not wholly unworthy of that Friendship with which he is pleased to honour me: but I don't know how to go myself, with-

out disobliging my Mother; her Soul is wholly prepossess'd with Fear, ever since she has heard that the Chevalier, my Uncle, is returning from *Malta*, and therefore I believe it must be your Business to go to the Prince in my Name, as tho you only came to know how he did; and if you find him in a condition to hear this Story, you may tell it him: I'll not write, Accidents may happen, and Letters fall into wrong hands, and in a Business of this nature, I think we can never be too cautious; go therefore, and prepare yourself for the Journey. *Santueil* bow'd, and retir'd to get ready.

This Discourse ended, *Charny* went to his Mother's Apartment, and found her just stirring. As soon as he had wish'd her a good morning, You long, Madam, said he, to know who our wounded Strangers are, and I can now give you some account of 'em: With that he told the Chaplain's Tale over again. *Madam d'Ambures* listen'd to the Story with so much Attention, that one might have perceived she had some secret Interest in it: and as soon as *Charny* had done speaking, broke out in so violent a manner against the Dutches, that he stood amazed: he had always known his Mother to be a cool and moderate Woman, and could not imagine the Cause of her sudden Passion; but putting on a smiling Countenance,



nance, I see, Madam, *said he*, by your speaking thus severely of the Dutchess, that was I in love, you would not make it your Business to cross me. This Speech somewhat confounded the good Lady, but as her Wit was quick, she turn'd it off, by saying, I should not blame the Dutchess, had the Means she made use of been less violent; 'tis very natural for a Parent to oppose the Follies of a Son blinded by Love, but then we ought to be guided by Reason, not by Passion. *Charny* assented to what his Mother said, and assured her that he would never give her the least Uneasiness on this account, for Nature had given him a Heart which Love could never touch. But yet, *reply'd Madam d'Ambures*, I would not have you carry your Indifference too far. I understand you, Madam, *answer'd Charny*, I am not complaisant enough to a beauteous Relation of yours, considering the friendly Advances she makes me; but now I know your Pleasure, I shall for the future take care to behave myself more civilly towards her. I must confess, *said she*, since we are accidentally fallen on this Subject, that I cannot see where you could do better, and I could wish, that were it no Constraint to your Inclinations, we were nearer related; nor do I see what Objection you can have to a Person of her Youth, Wit, and Beauty,  
and

and who in Estate and Quality is no way your Inferior: true, she is a Widow, and that perhaps to a Man of your nice Taste, may be a Fault; but then consider the Lady *Brunetta* never had any Children, and no Husband but an old one, who left her a very good Estate. But do you think, Madam, said Charny, that this Lady wou'd accept of a Man who is fam'd for loving nothing but War and Hunting. I dare answer, reply'd Madam d'Ambures, that you will meet with no great Repulses from her; and to convince you that what I say is true, pray read this Letter.

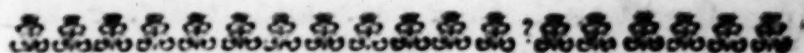
To Madam d'Ambures.

OUR near Relation and strict Friendship; Madam, oblige me to conceal nothing, not even the very Secrets of my Heart from you, and yet 'tis with Reluctance that I tell you I cou'd wish for the Honour of being much nearer related. Consider my Offer, Madam, and be so kind as to return me an Answer.

As soon as Charny had read this Letter, he burst out a laughing: Surely, said he, the beautiful Widow must be very much prepossess'd in my Favour, when she can proceed thus directly contrary to Custom.

As

As how? *reply'd Madam d'Ambures.* Women, *answer'd he,* seldom make such Advantages as these, for we shou'd grow proud upon 'em; and I can assure you, since the reading of this Letter, I have a much better Opinion of myself, than I ever had before. Pray now, *said Madam d'Ambures,* let us lay Formalities aside, and consider your Interest a little; the Lady loves you, and will bring you a fine Estate. And I should like it very well, *reply'd Charny,* could it come without a Wife; but that latter part of the Story marrs all. Well, *said Madam d'Ambures,* to make you reflect a little more seriously on this Matter, I think 'twill be very necessary to let you into a Secret, which, for several Reasons, I have hitherto concealed from you.



*The History of Madam d'Ambures.*

**T**WO-and-twenty Years are now expir'd; since (as you have already been told this part of the Story) your Father was found dead in a Wood, without our being able to fix the Murder directly upon any body; and as if Heaven had resolved that Day to deprive me of all that I held dear in the World,  
my

my only Son, then about three Years old, was at the same time carry'd off. I'll not pretend to describe my Grief to you, you may judge of it by its Causes: you have also heard that your Father had a Sister, who in case of his dying without Issue, was to inherit his Estate; no sooner was she inform'd of her Brother's Death, but she came to the House, as well to take possession of it, as to see that nothing should be embezzled. I bore this Usage patiently enough for some Days, and then perceiv'd I was with Child. *Aubry*, who always loved me, flew to the Apartment of my Sister-in-law, to give her notice of the Condition I found myself in, hoping that upon the News she would leave the House, but it had a very contrary Effect upon her; for, flying into a Passion, she cry'd, We wanted to suppose a Child, but she would take care and frustrate all our Artifices and Designs, and that very moment order'd her Bed to be carry'd into my Chamber, nor did she once lose sight of me till I was delivered of you: and her Soul was so fill'd with Rage, that she cou'd not forbear shewing it when she left the House, by the ill Language she gave me; however, spite of her Rage and Hatred, her Estate is since fallen to us, by the Death of her only Daughter. Here *Charny* interrupted his Mother, to ask whether his Father had never



ver had a Quarrel, for by the manner in which I have heard he was found dead, *said he*, 'tis natural to suppose that he fought. I always thought so, *reply'd the Lady*, nor could I forbear suspecting a Person, whom I dare not name, for fear of filling your Soul with Horror and Indignation against one, who is but too nearly related to you.

Why then, *reply'd Charny hastily*, you must mean the Chevalier my Uncle: if so, you shall soon have the Pleasure of seeing him sacrificed to the Memory of my Father, and in the Agonies of Death, I will make him confess what he has done with my Brother.

Your Brother, I believe, *answer'd Madam d'Ambures*, may be found without coming to this Extremity. Ha!

*cry'd Charny, with Joy in his Face*, have you any Grounds, Madam, for your Belief? I shall not, *reply'd she*, explain myself any farther, before I am better assured of what I say: but by what you have already heard, you see, that shou'd my other Son be found, you wou'd be a younger Brother then; and this is the Reason why I wou'd advise you to marry the Lady *Brunetta*, that one good Estate might make you amends for the loss of another.

Don't let that give you any Concern, Madam, *answer'd Charny*, I shall still have enough to live upon. However,

*said Madam d'Ambures*, the sooner you conclude

my only Son, then about three Years old, was at the same time carry'd off. I'll not pretend to describe my Grief to you, you may judge of it by its Causes: you have also heard that your Father had a Sister, who in case of his dying without Issue, was to inherit his Estate; no sooner was she inform'd of her Brother's Death, but she came to the House, as well to take possession of it, as to see that nothing should be embezzled. I bore this Usage patiently enough for some Days, and then perceiv'd I was with Child. *Aubry*, who always loved me, flew to the Apartment of my Sister-in-law, to give her notice of the Condition I found myself in, hoping that upon the News she would leave the House, but it had a very contrary Effect upon her; for, flying into a Passion, she cry'd, We wanted to suppose a Child, but she would take care and frustrate all our Artifices and Designs, and that very moment order'd her Bed to be carry'd into my Chamber, nor did she once lose sight of me till I was deliver'd of you: and her Soul was so fill'd with Rage, that she cou'd not forbear shewing it when she left the House, by the ill Language she gave me; however, spite of her Rage and Hatred, her Estate is since fallen to us, by the Death of her only Daughter. Here *Charny* interrupted his Mother, to ask whether his Father had ne-  
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clude this Marriage the better, for as great as Lady Brunetta's Love is, I very much question its being Proof against so great a Change in your Fortune. Happen what will, *answer'd Charny, smiling,* my Person will make her amends for every thing else; and believe me, Madam, 'twill be my own Fault, if I don't one day or other marry her. Charny made this Speech unawares, and then reflecting on what he had said, was so confounded, that he cou'd not stand it, but bowed, and retired.

Aubry was all this while sitting in the Room, and Madam d'Ambures calling to her, Well, Aubry, *said she,* what do you think of my Son's last Speech? Lord, what odd kind of Creatures these Men are! Women, I think, ought to keep 'em at a distance, for the least Complaisance and Civility you shew 'em, 'tis Love; and if you chance to let 'em know you like 'em, they think you are dying for 'em. If you knew as much as I did of this Matter, *reply'd Aubry,* you wou'd not condemn my young Lord: I can assure you he had good Reason for what he said. Fie, Aubry, *reply'd Madam d'Ambures,* you don't consider what you say; you are prejudiced in favour of my Son. To convince you, Madam, *answer'd Aubry,* that what I say is true, I  
only



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only beg that you wou'd listen to what I  
shall tell you.



*The History of Lady Brunetta and  
of Charny.*

SOME few Days after your Son's return  
from the Army, I went to Lady *Brunetta's*  
House to do something for her which  
she had desired me ; my Neice and I were in  
her Chamber when *Charny* came in, and  
with him the Marchioness of *Minieu*, who  
is noted for a Prude. The Ladies saluted  
one another with a great deal of Civility  
and Fondness. Tho *Lady Brunetta* be na-  
turally witty, yet had she that Day some-  
thing of a more than common Vivacity,  
which prodigiously heighten'd her Conversa-  
tion, and made her more agreeable (if more  
agreeable can be) than usual. After talk-  
ing of several indifferent things, they insen-  
sibly fell upon the Freedom with which  
Men and Women live together. Tho I  
hate Constraint above all things, *said the*  
*Marchioness*, yet can I not approve of that  
Familiarity which prevails between the  
two Sexes : Indeed, my Dear, I think it a  
shameful thing that Men should be welcome  
to us at any time ; Morning or Evening  
their

their Visits are never deny'd. I wonder, my Dear, *answer'd the Lady*, you should condemn a thing which Custom gives a Sanction to. I own it does, *reply'd the Marchioness*, yet does not Custom lessen the danger of it : How many Women have fallen, who would have continued innocent, had they never permitted any irregular Visits ? And I could wish, for the greater safety of our Sex, that the *Italian* Custom was introduced amongst us. Fie, fie, my Dear, *cry'd Lady Brunetta*, with a smiling Countenance, you are too severe. And yet, *answer'd Madam de Minieu*, the Husbands wou'd find their Account in such a Custom. You think then, *answer'd Lady Brunetta*, the Confinement of the *Italian* Ladies first proceeded from the ill Opinion which their Husbands entertain'd of 'em. Doubtless it did, *reply'd the Marchioness*. I am so far from thinking so, *answer'd Lady Brunetta*, that I take the first Institution of it to redound very much to the Honour of our Sex, and I dare swear that you will fall into my Opinion when you have considered the Rise of it : *Rome*, you know, was once the retreat of Vagrants and Banditti, who for their Crimes had been forc'd to fly their several Countries, and desiring to establish a Colony there, and having no Women amongst them, stole the Wives and Daughters of

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of the *Sabines*, and willing to prevent their returning to their Husbands and Fathers, they shut 'em up; and from them the Custom has descended to their Posterity. You may say what you please, *reply'd the Marchioness*, yet you never can persuade me that any Woman's Virtue is safe but her's who fights *Parthian-like*. For my part, *answer'd the Lady*, I cannot esteem that Woman truly Virtuous, who knows no other way of overcoming Temptations than flying from 'em. I have so good an Opinion of this Gentleman's Judgment and Impartiality, *said the Marchioness, turning towards Charny*, that I'll refer our Debate to him. Then let this decide it, *said he, looking maliciously on Lady Brunetta*, and giving a Ring, which he pull'd off of his Finger to *Madam de Minieu*, it was a Cypher representing a little *Cupid*, and round him this Motto;

*Whoever listens to me is Conquer'd.*

'Tis very true, *cry'd the Marchioness, with Joy and Content in her Face*. Just as she said this, a Servant came in to tell 'em that their Collation was served. I can assure you, *Madam, said Aubry*, this Interruption seem'd very grateful to *Lady Brunetta*, who was so confounded with what *Charny* had done, that she cou'd not utter a Word.  
They

They went together into the Dining-Room; and I cou'd not forbear taking notice to my Neice of the Confusion her Mistress was in upon *Charny's* deciding the Dispute in *Madam de Minieu's* favour. I never can forgive it him, *answer'd she*; nor would you, Aunt, did you but know what an egregious piece of Mischief he had done. I desired her to explain the meaning of her Words. She excused herself a great while, but at last being very much press'd to it, she began her Story thus:

About six Months ago my Mistress was sitting with *Charny* near the Fountain in the Garden, and nobody being near 'em but myself, they began a Conversation not very unlike what you just now heard. My Mistress was saying, that there cou'd be no greater Pleasure than living in the midst of the Beau Monde: Nothing more unpleasant than a dull solitary Country Life. Your Happiness is much greater, Madam, *said Charny*, in this Solitude, than it wou'd be in the midst of the Court; a Lady of your Beauty wou'd ever be surrounded by a croud of Lovers, and your Heart assaulted so many different ways, that you cou'd never resist 'em all. And do you really, Cousin, *said she*, think me so weak, and so easy to be conquered? 'tis a sign you do not know me: For my part I have such an Opinion of myself,



myself, that I cou'd venture to see all the finest and most agreeable Men of *France* fighting for me, and not fear any Impression they cou'd make upon my Heart. If you do not think me so insensible, *said she, smiling,* you may, if you please, be convinced by Experience.

I accept the offer, *cry'd Charny,* and henceforth am resolved to be a very Lover; but if I once prevail, expect no Quarter: I am a Tyrant, and will make use of my Power.

I defy you, *cry'd she,* and to show you that I do, here promise you, that if you triumph, you shall wear this Ring (shewing him a fine one she had on) as a perpetual Token of your Conquest.

I thank you for your Present, Madam, *answer'd Charny.*

Not so fast, good Sir, *cry'd my Lady,* you have not got it yet.

I'll not pretend to tell you, *continued my Neice,* what *Charny* did after this defiance, in hopes of gaining a Victory over her; but scarce were four Months expired, when I saw my Mistress's Ring upon his Finger, that very Ring which he just now shew'd the Marchioness; and my Lady's Confusion I suppose proceeded from an apprehension of *Charny's* being about to relate the whole Story.

You see, Madam, *continued Aubry,* that *Charny* was in the right, when he said 'twould be his own Fault if he did not one day or other marry the Lady *Brunetta.*

They

They were interrupted here by a Servant, who came to tell 'em Dinner was served. They went down into the Hall, where Charny was waiting for 'em. When they were about to rise from Table, Madam d'Ambures enquired how Tournon did. The Surgeons have assured me, *answer'd* Charny, that he is out of danger; and I am of their Opinion, *continued he, smiling*, for he begins to think of his Love again. How do you know that? *cry'd Madam d'Ambures*. He has search'd for his Picture-Case, *answer'd* Charny, and not finding it, seem'd prodigiously concern'd. The Loss of his Money, *said Madam d'Ambures*, may probably grieve him as much as the Loss of his Picture. He never mention'd that, *reply'd* Charny, and I am therefore apt to believe that that does not in the least vex him, but that the Loss of the Picture would be a Heart-breaking to him. If so, *reply'd Madam d'Ambures*, the sooner we restore it the better; nor shall he wait much longer for it. She said, and rising, went into her Chamber to fetch it. Charny gave her his Hand, and afterwards conducted her to Tournon's Apartment. They found him sitting up in his Bed, the Curtains and Shutters all open, insomuch that Madam d'Ambures had an opportunity of discerning every Feature of his Face; and she look'd at him with so much earnestness,

earnestness, that *Tournon* perceiving it, and not knowing what really pass'd in her Heart, blush'd at it, and in a disorder'd manner said, Your repeated Kindnesses so confound me, Madam, that I can never make a sufficient Acknowledgment of 'em. If we have done any thing for you, *reply'd Madam d'Ambures*, you may thank yourself for it; and to convince you that what I say is true, ask my Son, whether it was not that Gentleman-like Air of yours which first inclined him to assist you. I can assure you, Sir, *cry'd Charny*, that I never pray'd for any thing so heartily in all my Life as I did for your Recovery the Day I found you bath'd in your Blood. For Heaven's sake, *cry'd Tournon*, bestow not your Favours so lavishly on me, the continuance of 'em wou'd grow burthensome. I am afraid, *reply'd Madam d'Ambures*, our Company will grow troublesome; I am sure your present State of Health will not admit of too long Visits. She said; and without giving *Tournon* leave to reply, she gave him his Purse and Picture-Case, and then retired.

*Charny* observed, that after this Visit his Mother grew more pensive than ever; yet cou'd he plainly see that her Thoughts were pleasant and agreeable to her. He immediately imagined that his Mother, who was still very beautiful, and had not yet reached her

her Fortieth Year, was in love with *Tour-  
non*. This alarm'd him a little, but fearing  
that *Aubry*, who had a very discerning Eye,  
should read his Thoughts, he resolved to  
get out of her way, that he might freely in-  
dulge 'em ; but coming out of his Chamber  
he met one of Lady *Brunetta*'s Footmen, who  
delivered him the following Letter.

*Lady Brunetta to Charny.*

*I* Could not forbear thinking, when you produced  
the Ring some few Days ago, but that it was  
done with a Design to put me out of Countenance ;  
and I immediately resolved never to see your Face  
more : That I might the better accustom my self  
to live without you, I set out the next Day for  
Ancour, resolving to spend the remainder of the  
Summer there. But tho' the Place be really  
beautiful, yet methought there was something  
wanting to make it perfectly agreeable ; something,  
of which whilst I am deprived, I cannot enjoy  
the least Pleasure. The Hopes of finding it  
here, have forced me to return. By this time you  
may guess at my meaning. And so adieu.

As soon as Charny had received the Let-  
ter, he bid the Footman give his Service to  
his Lady, and tell her, he intended to dine  
with her the next day. Accordingly he  
went



went, and the Lady upbraided him very severely, but in such a manner, as plainly shew'd that the little care he took to pacify her, provoked her much more than what he had done when the Marchioness *de Minieu* was present. But *Charny* was no longer a submissive Lover; she was angry, he thought, without a Cause, and might therefore be pleased without a Reason. This Usage, which wou'd have incensed some Women, did but endear him the more to her; and she resolved to study his Temper, and make it her business to please him in every respect, in which she succeeded so well, that the young Soldier could no longer carry himself indifferently towards her.

Whilst *Charny* was waiting upon Lady *Brunetta*, or following his Hounds, Madam *d'Ambures* made it her business to be as often with *Tournon* as possibly she cou'd; and tho' she endeavour'd to conceal her Affection, yet he plainly saw it, and was very much grieved at it: Not that he thought Madam *d'Ambures* disagreeable, but his Heart was so fill'd with Love for *la Motte*, that he could not think of another. Besides, he was indebted to *Charny* for his Life, and should he requite him thus? These Considerations made him look with concern upon Madam *d'Ambures's* tender Care; and had he known how, he would willingly have avoid-

ed her frequent Visits : at last he bethought himself of a means, which was feigning himself asleep whenever she came ; but this he repeated so often, that *Madam d'Ambures* concluded her Company was grown troublesome to him. Upon which, she made her Complaints to *Charny* : And he, smiling, reply'd, I think *Tournon* very much in the right, Madam, to shun your Presence ; the Wounds he receiv'd in the Combat are not yet healed, and wou'd you have him expose himself before you, where perhaps he might receive Wounds which would strike much deeper into his Soul ? This Raillery of *Charny's* did not at all put *Madam d'Ambures* out of Countenance. Her Tenderness towards him was of a quite different Nature from what *Charny* suspected : She therefore smiled at what her Son said, and guessing his Thoughts ; *Tournon* may be as cautious as he pleases, *said she*, but 'twill be in vain ; for I can assure you, that in a Moment's time I can change his Indifference into Love. However, he'll not be so sleepy perhaps when you come. I must therefore desire you to conduct me to his Chamber. And how do I know, Madam, cry'd *Charny*, whether or no, whilst I obey you, I am not doing something very prejudicial to my own Interest ? If you are, reply'd *Madam d'Ambures*, I can assure you 'tis your own Fault.

Fault. In this manner they jested till they came to *Tournon's* Chamber, whom they were surprized to find up. *Charny* told him he ought to have a little more regard to his Health, and that he did not think him in a fit Condition to leave his Bed so soon. Had my Strength, Sir, been but equal to my Will, *reply'd Tournon in a languishing manner*, I wou'd long since have freed you from the Trouble which I give you, and have gone where my Duty calls me; but we cannot always do what we wou'd. *Madam d'Ambures*, who could not bear this Speech, desired him to look upon the House as his own, and assured him, that she wou'd always use him as if he were her Son. *Tournon* answer'd *Madam d'Ambures* very civilly. And then *Charny* desired him, if it wou'd not be prejudicial or troublesome to him, to let them know the occasion of his Quarrel, and how he came wounded in that manner? 'Twould be a very great satisfaction to me, *reply'd Tournon*, if I cou'd; but all that I know of the Matter; is, I was going to the Prince of *Clermont's* when I was attack'd by ten Men on Horseback, of whom I knew one to be Brother to a *Valet de Chambre* belonging to the Prince, who was then with me, and who immediately sided with my Enemies; but as for the Cause of this Baseness of theirs, I

am wholly ignorant of it. Then I know more of the Matter than you do, said Charny ; for *Vilneufve*, who was brought here at the same time with you, has, before his Death, given us an account of the whole Affair. And is it possible ? cry'd *Tournon*, with Joy and Surprise. 'Tis very true, answer'd Charny. If so, cry'd *Tournon*, I hope he has given you an account of what they have done with a young Gentleman who was then with me. He has not indeed, answer'd Charny, but he has told me what was become of a very fine Lady, nam'd, *Madam de Ravezan*. I see, cry'd *Tournon*, with a contented Air, that you know something of her Story. I therefore beseech you, that you wou'd be so kind as to inform me, that I may the better know what Measures to take. You have so great a share in the Story I am about to tell you, answer'd Charny, that I am afraid it will disorder you. I shall therefore beg you to return to your Bed, before I begin it. *Tournon* excused himself ; and *Madam d'Ambures* knowing it was because she was near, retired into the Anti-chamber till *Tournon* was undressed ; and then returning, and sitting upon his Bed, Charny told him the Story which he had from his Chaplain. Scarce had he finish'd, when *Tournon* desired that he would let somebody go to the Prince  
of



of *Clermont*, to inform him of what had happen'd; for, *said he*, the *Dutchess* his Mother may have executed her first Resolutions, and by her false Tale have plunged the Prince into Grief and Despair. I have already taken care to prevent any Mischief of this nature, *answer'd Charny*; but one thing troubles me much, the Gentleman whom I sent to the Prince might easily have been return'd before this time.

Just at this instant they heard the trampling of Horses upon the Bridge, and *Charny* running to the Window to see who it was, found it to be *Santeuil*, and with him a Man whom he did not know. Now, Sir, *said he to Tournon*, we shall hear how the Prince does, for yonder's the Person I sent to enquire. I'll immediately step down, and bring him up to you: He said, and would have gone, had not *Tournon* begg'd of him not to stir, but to give orders that the Gentleman shou'd be shew'd up Stairs. *Charny* comply'd, and in a Moment's time *Santeuil* came in, follow'd by another old Gentleman, at sight of whom *Tournon* cry'd out, My dear Father! this is a Happiness I did not expect. *Vineuil* ran to embrace him with Tears of Joy; and, in the mean time, *Santeuil* deliver'd the Prince's Letter to *Charny*, in which he found the following Words.

*The Prince of Clermont to Charny.*

**T**O give me some Account of two Persons whom I concluded lost, but how, I knew not, was, my dear Charny, the greatest Obligation you could possibly lay upon me. My Grief would certainly have killed me; and therefore the Services you have done me have saved my Life. It is not in my power to return the Obligation now, but I can assure you, that I shall still retain a grateful Sense of all your generous Cares, and on every Opportunity shall be ready to shew it.

As soon as Charny had read this Letter, Vineuil gave over caressing his Son, and Sanzeuil gave the following Account of his Journey.

I executed your Orders, Sir, with so much diligence, that the Day after my setting out hence, I reach'd *Emmerick*: I went directly to the Place where the Prince was; and as every body in the House knew me, I was at once introduced into his Chamber, where I found him talking with a Messenger sent by the Dutchess his Mother. The Prince not being entirely cured of his Wounds lay on his Bed, and listen'd so attentively to what this Man was saying, that he did not so much as take the least notice

notice of my coming in. I heard him mention the Names of *Tournon*, *Vilneufve*, and *Madam de Ravezan*; upon which I withdrew to a corner of the Chamber, and told the Gentleman that conducted me in, that I wou'd not interrupt the Prince, but wait till that Man was gone. As soon as the Gentleman left me, I began to listen, and heard the Prince say, I cannot believe *Tournon* in love with *Madam de Ravezan*. And yet, *reply'd the Messenger*, if we are to be determin'd by Appearances, he certainly is. How do you know that? *cry'd the Priuce with some warmth.*

To deal sincerely with you, Sir, *reply'd the Man*, I cannot tell how the *Dutchess*, your Mother, came to be inform'd that *Tournon* was running away with *Madam de Ravezan*. All that I know of the Matter is, that the Day after *Vilneufve's* coming to *Paris*, she sent him to his Brother's House, with Orders that he shou'd immediately chuse five or six of his Friends to accompany him. He obey'd; and I was one of those who were pitch'd upon by him. We set out from *Paris*, without knowing any thing more than that we were going upon some Service of yours. Nor were we made acquainted with our Business till the second Day, when near a little Wood we discover'd two Men on Horseback. Upon which, with Joy in his Face, he cry'd out;

there are the Persons we seek ; be sure you seize them both : We shall meet with no great matter of Opposition, for one of 'em is a Girl, whom you must take great care not to hurt ; and for the other, 'tis impossible he can make any great Resistance against so many of us. Upon this, we rode up to them Pistol in hand ; but *Tournon*, without being daunted, defended himself with so much bravery, that he left *Vilneufve* and his Brother, dead on the place. I was not present at the issue of this Combat, for my Horse getting the Bit between his Teeth, ran away with me above a Mile and a half before I cou'd stop him ; but having at last master'd him, I turn'd back, and joining my Company, I ask'd 'em what was become of the Ravisher. You see, said one of 'em, he wou'd not wait your return. I believe he is got far enough out of your reach by this time, and therefore our best way will be to return to *Paris*. As soon as we were arrived there, I went and gave the Dutchess an account of our Misfortune. I wou'd not have you call yours so, interrupted the Prince, I think you very fortunate. Believe me, you ought never to part with your Horse, he saved your Life, and may do so again, if ever you engage with any more *Tournons*. The Messenger was willing to go on with his Story ; but  
the



the Prince, with a great deal of warmth, told him, he had heard too much of it already, then bid him retire, adding, that on the morrow he would dispatch him back to the Dutcheſs.

As ſoon as he was gone, I drew nearer to the Prince, who ſeeing me, took me by the Hand in a very obliging manner, and told me, that the greateſt Comfort he cou'd now receive, was to find that the valiant *Charny* had not forgot him. I then told him, that I ſhou'd be glad of ſpeaking in private with him; he order'd, that every body ſhou'd leave his Anti-chamber, and then, Sir, I told him the Tale you had put in my mouth. He heard it all without any 'Transport or Emotion; but when I had done, cry'd out, Dear *Charny*, you reſtore me that Life which a cruel Mother endeavour'd to deprive me of. Alas! what had I done, that cou'd thus provoke you to deal ſo inhumanly with two Perſons whom I ſo dearly love! In Complaints and Exclamations of this Nature, the Prince eaſed his overburthen'd Heart, and then told me all that the Meſſenger had ſaid to him, not knowing that I had been liſtning to their Converſation; and ask'd me, whether he ought not to imprifon that Impoſtor? Seeing that your Highneſs does me the Honour, reply'd I, of conſulting me in this Affair,

58. *The Adventures of the*

I shall take the liberty to tell you, that you ought not to let this Man, nor even the Dutchess your Mother, see that you suspect their Story. For the Dutchess being enraged, may make use of Means more violent than what she has already done, to deprive you of *Madam de Ravezan*. She has placed her, you know, with one of her Friends, and consequently is Mistress of her Fate. This Argument, *continued Santeuil*, was sufficient to persuade the Prince to do any thing. He therefore shew'd me the Letter which his Mother had sent him, and order'd me to answer it, which accordingly I did. The next Day he dispatch'd that Messenger, and I would willingly have taken my leave of him at the same time; but he obliged me to stay some few Days with him, and during the whole time, cou'd talk of nothing but you and the brave *Tournon*. He exaggerated the Obligations he lay under to you both, and seem'd so extremely satisfied at my being with him, that I shou'd not have got away even yet, had not *Vineuil*, who arriv'd there some few Days after me, urged our departure, by acquainting the Prince how impatient he was to see his Son again. He at last dispatched us, but not before he had forced me to accept this Token of his Liberality, *said Santeuil*, (pulling a fine Diamond Ring off from his Finger.) *Madam d'Ambures* looked

looked at it, and assured him it was one of the finest she ever saw ; then turning towards *Charuy*, told him, 'twas high time to leave the Father and the Son together.

*Tournon* was no sooner left alone with *Vineuil*, but he enquired after his Mother and *la Motte*. Their not hearing from you, reply'd *Tournon*, since your leaving *Paris*, has griev'd them beyond measure : and as I cou'd hear no News of you at the Dutchess of *Clermont's*, I determin'd to go to the Prince's, and enquire after you there. If you have the least Value for my quiet, dear Father, reply'd *Tournon*, you will hasten back to comfort two Persons who are so dear to me. Their Repose, Child, answer'd *Vineuil*, concerns me as nearly as it does you ; nor can you wish me at *Paris* sooner than I long to be there : I'll therefore stay but two Days to rest myself a little, and then set out. Their Conversation was interrupted here by a Servant, who came to conduct *Vineuil* into the Dining-Room, where a magnificent Supper was served.

During the whole time that they were at table, *Madam d'Ambures's* Eyes were fixed upon *Vineuil* ; she fancy'd that she knew his Face, and willing to be satisfy'd, ask'd him whether he never had been in that part of *France* before. No, *Madam*, reply'd *Vineuil*. I must certainly then, said she, have

have seen one of your Brothers. Very probably you may, Madam, *reply'd he* ; for I have a Brother now in the Chevalier Biron's Service. And is not his Name *Preville*, *said she hastily* ? It is, Madam, *answer'd Vineuil* ; he is at *Malta* with his Master, unless they are set out from thence in order to return home. At this Madam d'Ambures's Colour rose, and Charny perceiving it, *said*, I see, Madam, that you are afraid of the *Maltese* Pirates, and love them better at a distance, than you do in your Neighbourhood. You are very much in the right of it, *reply'd the Lady* ; nor are you ignorant of my Reasons for so doing. As soon as she said this, she rose hastily from table ; and going into her Apartment, sat down upon a Couch, where she would have spent the whole Night in a profound Reverie, had not Aubry drawn her out of it, by asking her what was the Occasion of this strange Alteration in her Humour. Can you ask that Question, *said Madam d'Ambures*, after what you just now heard ? If you would give me leave, Madam, *said Aubry*, to speak freely to you, I believe that the Return of the Chevalier, your Brother-in-law, does not disquiet you so much as *Tournon's* Departure. I own it, *reply'd Madam d'Ambures very seriously* ; and I should think myself guilty of a great deal



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deal of Injustice, did I not entertain some  
favourable Sentiments of him. And yet,  
Madam, let me tell you—— *answer'd Au-*  
*bry.* Not to-night, good *Aubry,* *reply'd*  
*Madam d'Ambures,* I have heard enough  
for once, 'tis high time for me to go to Bed.  
*Aubry* obey'd; and having undress'd her  
Lady, retired fully persuaded that she  
was in love with *Tournon*; for the good  
Lady was grown very thoughtful, sigh'd  
frequently, eat little, and slept less, which  
are dangerous Symptoms of Love.

Soon as the Morning dawn'd, *Madam*  
*d'Ambures* rose, and having slipp'd on her  
loose Gown, went into the Garden; and  
walking behind a Row of Trees, which  
join'd a *Myrrh Cradle* she heard some-  
body talking: 'Twas so very early, that  
she thought no common Business had raised  
them out of their Beds; and being prompt-  
ed to it by her Curiosity, she resolved to  
listen. Wherefore sitting down, and gen-  
tly putting some of the Branches aside,  
she saw two Men; one of whom she knew  
to be *Vineuil*, who was reading a Letter  
with more than common Concern in his  
Face; and when he had done, she heard  
him say, I never could have thought that  
the Chevalier *Biron* would have been guilty  
of so base an Action. Alas! how could  
he murder my Brother, after having served

ved him so long and so faithfully : But, perhaps it is the Work of Heaven which punishes him for having been too punctual in obeying so wicked a Master. I do not question, *said the Stranger*, but that will be some Comfort to you, to hear that the Chevalier himself has not escaped the Justice of Heaven, and that he also hath breathed his last. And is that Pirate dead ? *cry'd Vineuil*, (with Joy in his Face ;) thank Heaven he is no more : but pray be so kind as to inform me, by what providential means the Earth has been freed from that odious Monster.

*Madam d'Ambures* was so transported with Joy to hear that her greatest Enemy was dead, that she did not stay to listen any longer ; but, hastening back to her Chamber, went to bed again : there she thank'd Heaven a thousand times for having freed her from the sight of a Man whom she cou'd not look upon without horror. Nor did she think her Joy to be condemn'd, for, *said she to herself*, he murder'd my Husband, he stole away my Son ; and such Actions as these, will sufficiently justify my being rejoiced at his death.

In the mean time *Charny* was going to salute *Vineuil*, and his Love for the Son he thought could not better shewn than by his Civility to the Father ; but coming out

of

of his Chamber, he saw him going hastily along, with a Letter in his Hand, and so buried in Thought, that he brush'd by *Charny* without taking notice of, or so much as seeing him. *Charny* was surprized at this, and imagining that something extraordinary must have happen'd, he enquired of the Servants whether any of 'em had seen him go out that Morning; they told him, that he went out above two Hours ago into the Garden with a Gentleman just come from *Malta*. *Charny* immediately fancy'd that his Uncle was arrived. This Thought made his Eyes sparkle with rage, and willing to be satisfy'd, he pass'd thro *Tournon's* Anti-Chamber into a little Study, of which one of the Doors look'd upon that Gentleman's Bed, and from whence he cou'd easily see and hear all that passed. But how great was his Surprise when he beheld *Vineuil* upon his Knees! saying to his supposed Son, Can you, Sir, forgive the Injustice I have done you, by making you, who are sprung from one of the most ancient Families of *France*, pass for my Son above these twenty Years? *Char.* y, who was naturally of a very gay Temper, had much ado to forbear bursting out into a Fit of Laughing, upon seeing the Condition *Tournon* was in, and the pains he took to make *Vineuil* rise: at last,

last, *said he*, I believe, Father, you dream. No, Sir, *reply'd Vineuil*, I do not dream : and to convince you that what I say is true, be pleased to read this Letter. Tho *Charny* here listened very attentively, yet cou'd he not hear one Word of what *Tournon* read ; but when he had done, he heard *Vineuil* say, Well, Sir, have I not reason to fear that you will lay my Brother's Crime at my door ? I am so far from entertaining a Thought of that nature, *reply'd Tournon*, and your Virtue, Sir, is so well known to me, that I shall always think it an Honour to be accounted your Son : and to convince you that what I say is true, I'll tear this Letter to pieces. As he spoke these Words, he went to do it ; but *Vineuil* snatching the Letter out of his Hand, *cry'd*, No, Sir, you shall not make away with this, which must prove your being what you really are. I will not, by any means, *said Tournon*, have this Secret reveal'd, and if you value me you will not do it : I am indebted to the brave *Charny* for my Life, and shall I requite him by robbing him of his Birth-right ? His Compassion wou'd indeed cost him dear. Notwithstanding, that after what *Madam d' Ambures* had said, *Charny* ought in some measure to have been prepar'd for the finding of his Brother ; yet was he prodigioufly surprized at what he heard, and  
at



at that instant felt a violent struggle betwixt his Interest and Generosity. This Adventure made him pause a while, but, at last, recovering himself spite of his Surprise, he put on a joyful Air: and running to *Tournon*, he embrac'd him, and said, No Joy certainly can be equal to mine; I find a Brother whom I thought lost, a Brother, whose Merit is infinite. Oh! forbear, Sir, *answer'd Tournon*, and don't overwhelm me with your Kindness. Can you, *cry'd Charny*, after what has happen'd, use me thus? this is not treating me with a brotherly Love, as I do you. I conjure you, Sir, *reply'd Tournon*, to examine this Story more narrowly, and with more patience, before you give credit to it: In a Case of this nature, a Letter is not a sufficient Proof. May I beg the favour of seeing it, and knowing who wrote it, *said Charny*, that I may thence form a Judgment of what Credit is to be given to it. Upon this, *Vineuil* presented *Charny* the Letter, saying, It comes, Sir, from my Brother, who served your Uncle the Chevalier *Biron*: *Charny* opened it, and read the following Words.

*Preville to Vineuil.*

*I* Write to you, dear Brother, for the last time, nor wou'd my approaching Death grieve me, were it a natural one ; but my Master has been cruel enough to have me poison'd, after having lived five and twenty Years in his Service. I have examined my past Life to see if I could discover any one Action, that engaged him to be thus cruel ; and I can find none, unless he has discover'd that I left a Child with you, whom he ordered me to make away with. If so, I look upon my Death as glorious, and that I may make Madam d'Ambures some Satisfaction for the Injury I have done her, I beg you immediately, upon the receipt of this Letter, to go to her, and acquaint her, that Tournon is her Son, whom her cruel Brother-in-law stole away, after having murder'd her Husband.

As soon as Charny had read this Letter, If, said he to Tournon, you were as well acquainted, as I am, with the Misfortunes of our Family, you wou'd know this Letter to be a faithful Abstract of the most extraordinary and surprizing Events which have happen'd in it. He then told him, in as few words as possibly he could, how his Father had been found dead, and the loss  
of.

of his elder Brother. This Letter and *Charny's* Story had so near a relation to one another, that *Tournon* cou'd no longer doubt his being *Madam d'Ambures's* Son. Wherefore, tenderly embracing *Charny*, he said, Certainly no Joy would be greater than mine, was I sure you never could repent your having found me. I beg you, dear Brother, reply'd *Charny*, to do me justice at least, and to judge of my Sentiments in this case, by what your own wou'd be: but 'tis high time that our Mother should partake of our Joy; I'll go and be the Messenger myself of this happy News.

He had no sooner spoke, but he left *Tournon's* Chamber; and going thro a Gallery which led to *Madam d'Ambures's* Apartment, he saw a Coach and six coming into the Yard. By the Liveries, he knew it to *Lady Brunetta's*; but he was surprized, and somewhat vexed to see a Man with her; who, by his appearance, seem'd to be a Person of Quality: he therefore hasten'd down as fast as he could, and met 'em at the foot of the Stairs. As soon as *Lady Brunetta* saw him, she advanced; and, presenting the Gentleman to him, I have brought, Cousin, said she, my Brother the Chevalier to see you; he has been arrived from *Malta* these three or four Days, and was willing to come immediately and wait upon,

upon you, but he was so fatigu'd, that I forc'd him to stay till now : And I believe, *continued she smiling*, that unless you are as indifferent towards your own Sex, as towards ours, you'll scarce forbear loving him. Charny answer'd this Speech in a very gallant and obliging manner, and then conducted them to his Mother's Apartment ; who, at the sight of the Chevalier, changed colour, justly supposing that he would make mention of a Man whose Memory was odious to her. Lady Brunetta perceiv'd it, and reading her Thoughts, as soon as she had saluted her, said, I can tell you some good News, Cousin, your Enemy is dead, and you must therefore be reconcil'd to the Order of the Knights of *Malta* : and pray now, *continued she, presenting him*, let my Brother be the first to whom you shew some Proofs of your Reconciliation. With all my heart, *answer'd Madam d'Ambures* ; nor was I ever so unjust as to confound the Innocent and Guilty together. *Charny*, who before this knew nothing of his Uncle's Death, turn'd towards the Chevalier *d'Ancour* ; How, *said he*, did that Villain fall ? Son, *cry'd Madam d'Ambures, interrupting him*, we must never speak ill of the Dead. Your Generosity is very great, Cousin, *said Lady Brunetta* : there are some People in the World, whose Hatred



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tree is boundless. As for my part, reply'd *Madam d'Ambures*, I think nothing more base than to rail at those who are no more. And yet, *Madam*, said the *Chevalier d'Ancour*, you will, perhaps, be guilty of this Fault yourself, when you know all that this cruel Brother-in-law has done against you. 'Then be so kind, Sir, reply'd *Charny*, to let us know it as soon as you can. Pray stay till we have din'd, answer'd *Lady Brunetta*. I like your Thought very well, said *Madam d'Ambures*; but, in the mean time, Sir, I'll beg the favour of you to inform me in what manner you live at *Malta*, and whether the Rules of your Order are strict. *Charny* seeing that the *Chevalier d'Ancour* was about to satisfy his Mother, drew the *Lady Brunetta* aside to a Window, pretending to shew her the Beauty of the Prospect. You look so charming to-day, *Madam*, said he, and I have been so impatient to tell it you, that I cou'd no longer forbear getting you aside to let you know my Thoughts. You do very well, said the *Lady smiling upon him*, in being so impatient to let me know your Thoughts; for the longer you had deferr'd telling 'em to me, the longer you had deprived me of the Pleasure I take in knowing that you think me beautiful. However, I find, Sir, that Love does not enter in you

as it does in other People, by the Eyes, for you saw me long enough before my Beauty made any Impression upon your Heart. You are too hasty, Madam, *reply'd Charny*, and will force me to confess more Love than I was willing you shou'd have known of to-day. And that would be very unreasonable, *reply'd the Lady Brunetta laughing*, for if things be valuable for their being scarce, I am sure I have had enough of it in conscience for one Day. This Conversation wou'd have lasted longer, had not word been brought that Dinner was served, upon which they walked down together into the Hall.

*The End of the first Part.*



*The*

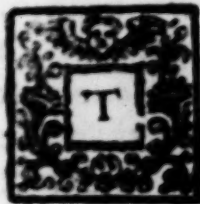


*The Adventures of the*  
*Prince of CLERMONT,*  
*and Madam DE RA-*  
*VEZAN.*

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PART II.

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THE Repast ended, *Charny* went to *Tournon's* Chamber, Brother, said he, as yet our Mother does not know who you are, and I now come to desire that you would not discover yourself to her : for there is a Relation of ours, a Knight of *Malta*, just arrived, who has a Story to tell us, in which probably you are most nearly concerned ; and her Surprise, doubtless, must be

be very agreeable, and at the same time not so dangerous, when, by degrees, the Knight's Discourse will give her reason to believe that you are her Son. *Tournon* ask'd him by what means the Knight whom he mentioned became acquainted with the secret History of their Family. That you will soon know, *reply'd* Charny, and leaving him, return'd back to the Company, whom he had left in the Hall. Madam, *said he*, addressing himself to his Mother, I cannot think we shou'd now be unwelcome Guests to *Tournon*.

Are you sure of that, *Charny*, *reply'd she*; will he be pleased with a Visit from Strangers? I am sure of what I say, Madam, *answer'd* Charny. If so, *said the good Lady*, I'll go with all my heart. And giving the Chevalier d'*Ancour* her hand, they led the way. Charny took Lady *Brunetta's*, and to *Tournon's* Chamber they went. They found him wrapt in a rich Silk Night-gown which Charny had sent him, and walking about the Room. At sight of him, Madam d'*Ambures's* Heart leaped with Joy; and such was the Agreeableness of his Person, such his good Mein, that the Chevalier and his Sister were, at the first seeing him, wholly prejudiced in his favour. Charny, with his natural Gaiety, presenting Lady *Brunetta*, said, I doubt not, Sir, but you'll acknowledge yourself indebted to  
me



me for as much Pleasure as the sight of this beautiful Lady can give you. And that Pleasure wou'd doubtless be very great, *answer'd* Tournon, was not the Danger equal to it. The sudden Pleasure may soon be changed into lingering Pain, and then, Sir, I leave you to judge whether or no I shall be indebted to you. Notwithstanding that such Encomiums were very agreeable to Lady *Brunetta*, yet she made it her business to divert the Discourse; and turning to *Charny*, You have forgot, Cousin, *said she*, that my Brother has a long Story to tell us, and therefore I think the sooner he begins it the better: Nor do I believe that this Gentleman (meaning *Tournon*) will think it long or trifling. Madam *d'Ambures* made 'em all sit, and the Chevalier *d'Ancour* then began in the following manner.



*The History of Madam d'Ambures,  
and of the Chevalier Biron.*

**T**IS now upwards of five and twenty Years since I first set out for *Malta* to go on my first Sea-Expedition, pursuant to the Rules of our Order. No sooner was I landed, but I made it my business to en-  
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quire for the Chevalier *Biron*; for tho I was not personally acquainted with him, yet I knew him to be my Relation, and Common Fame had cried him up for one of the bravest Men living. This made me earnestly desire to see him, and to commence a Friendship with him; but at that time it was impossible, for he was out at Sea.

One day above the rest, I happened to be Fishing not far off the Sea-shore, when a Squadron of our Gallies arrived, and in the Long-boat there came on shore a Gentleman whose Mein was noble, but whose Looks at the same time were so haughty, that at first sight I took him for a *Spaniard*, and was beginning to laugh at the Gravity of that formal Nation, when the Chevalier who was with me told me that he who just landed was the Chevalier *Biron*.

His Words surpriz'd me, I must confess, and struck a damp upon my very Soul. I thought there never cou'd be any great Ties of Friendship between a Man of my Age and Temper, and a Person who look'd so grave and so reserv'd: However, 'twas my business to make the first Advances, and accordingly that very Evening I waited upon him. I told him my Name, and he received me with all the Tokens of Friendship and Affection; asked me in particular how you did, Madam, (said the Chevalier *de Ancour*,

*cour*, addressing himself to Madam d'*Ambures*) and whether you was still as beautiful as formerly. My Answer made him sigh, which I thought was caused by the remembrance of those Friends and Relations whom he had left behind him. After this, I frequently visited him; and whether he liked any thing in me or not, I can't tell, but he always desired my Company, and, notwithstanding his reserv'd Temper, he wou'd never be without me.

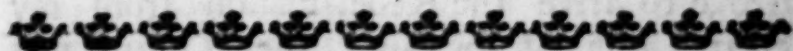
One Morning I came to his Lodgings, and found him so pensive, that he scarce took any notice of my coming in. We sat a great while without speaking to each other; at last, with a melancholy Air, he told me, that the Life we now led at *Malta* was a troublesome one: How far more glorious wou'd it be, *continued he*, to go and clear the Seas of Pirates? I told him, that I was ready to follow him. He took me at my word, and shortly after we went on board; but, to my great Surprise, he left his Gentleman behind him, for whom he had all along expressed a great deal of Friendship. I wanted to know the Cause of his sudden Disgrace, but durst not enquire of the Chevalier.

Long we cruized about, but to no purpose, and so tired were we of labouring in vain, that at length we determin'd to return

to *Malta*; but the Chevalier *Biron* propos'd putting into a little Island, there to take in fresh Water. Scarce was this Resolution form'd, when we perceived a large Ship making up to us with all her Sail, which coming up, the Crew at once fix'd their Grappling-Irons in our Ship, and offer'd to board us, but met with a much warmer Reception than they expected. The Combat which followed was long and bloody, and Victory for a great while continued doubtful, but at length declared herself in our favour. Several of the Pirates were killed in the Combat, some of 'em were drowned, and the rest were chained to the Oar. When all the hurry which attends a Sea-fight was over, I went up to the Chevalier *Biron*, and, to my grief and surprize, found that he was wounded. His Servants immediately undress'd him, and his Wound was prob'd, which, to my great Joy, proved a very slight one in the Side, insomuch that it was not thought necessary that he shou'd keep his bed: But whether his Melancholy had corrupted the whole Mass of his Blood, or what other Cause it proceeded from, I cannot tell, but in two days time the Wound was so inflam'd, that the Surgeons judg'd it mortal. This News so afflicted me, that notwithstanding all my endeavours to dissemble a little Chearfulness, Grief sat  
con-



confess'd so plainly on my Face, that the Knight perceived it, and speaking to me with as much Courage and Resolution as if no Danger had been near ; What do you mean, Cousin, *said he*, by concealing my Condition from me ? Are you afraid of giving me Pain ? Or do you think that approaching Death can terrify me ? Then looking steadfastly on me, You love me, Cousin, *said he*, because you do not know me : But when I shall have related to you all the horrid Crimes which unnatural Love has forc'd me to commit, far from grieving at my Death, you will abhor my Memory. I wou'd have reply'd, but he desired me to listen with Attention to the Story which he was going to tell me, and then began it thus.



*The History of the Chevalier Biron.*

**M**Y Father sent me to *Maha* at much about the same Age that you came hither ; but, to my Misfortune and eternal Grief, I was desirous of seeing my native Country again, where, when I arriv'd, I heard the News of my Father and Mother's death. Of my near Relations, there remained a Brother and a Sister only ; of whom

whom I found the former married to *Madam d'Ambures*, to whom he was every day saying, that I was the Man nearest his Heart, and that she cou'd not oblige him more than by making much of me. *Madam d'Ambures*, who lov'd her Husband tenderly, by all her Actions shew'd, that every thing was dear to her which was so to him. Never did a Day pass over her Head, but she shew'd some fresh token of her Goodness. Thus I tasted all the pleasures of a blessed Union, without the least mixture of Pain; when, of a sudden, my Heart was disquieted, nor could I for a great while discover the Cause of this disquiet, but at last, to my sorrow, I found, that instead of Friendship, Love had taken possession of my Soul. At first I summ'd up all my Reason to my aid, and strove to drive the Rebel-Passion from my Heart, but all in vain; the Tyrant was grown too strong. An hundred times I resolv'd within myself to return to *Malta*; as many times the sight of *Madam d'Ambures* made me change my Resolution. We lived in so much freedom, that she never perceiv'd the growing Passion, nor wou'd she ever have known it, cou'd a Lover conceal the fatal Secret from his adored Mistress.

One day we were walking together in the Garden, and *Madam d'Ambures* being weary of her Walk, went into an Arbour,  
round

round which there were green Seats. Madam d'Ambures sat down, and being heard with the walk, drew her Veil to enjoy the benefit of the fresh Air. I threw myself at her Feet, and kiss'd her Hands and Neck so passionately, that she blush'd; and pushing me from her, *Fie, Brother, fie, said she,* these Freedoms before Company I could allow you; when we are in private, they are most unbecoming. You are too scrupulous, *answered I.* I cannot think so, *replied she with a grave Face;* and if you have any value for me, let this be the last time of your taking such Freedoms. This cold Reception was nothing more than I expected; yet it daunted me: But recovering myself, I said all that a violent Passion can inspire. But Madam d'Ambures gave me a cold Look: I pity you, Chevalier, *said she;* and all I can do for you, is to give you a piece of good Advice. Fly, quickly fly from her who first gave your Passion birth, Absence alone can minister a Cure. She said; and leaving me, she hasten'd to her Bed, pretending a violent Head-ach. Her Virtue and Goodness made such an impression on me, that I was resolv'd to follow her Advice; and accordingly I told my Brother that I was obliged to go to *Paris* about some business of my Sister's. He was sorry to hear it; and earnestly desired me to return as soon as possibly.

I could. I thanked him ; and took my leave of Madam *d'Ambures* before his face, who, notwithstanding what had happen'd, treated me with a Sisterly Kindness. Four Months I staid away, did all I could to banish the stubborn Passion ; and, thinking I had overcome it, I return'd to my Brother's House, who received me with all the Kindness and Affection imaginable.

Madam *d'Ambures* behav'd herself towards me as if nothing had ever pass'd between us. Some Months I spent very quietly, and without feeling any returns of my former Passion. But at last I became melancholy ; nor was Madam *d'Ambures* ignorant of it. I plainly perceiv'd that she had observ'd it, and in that Thought I found some comfort ; for Lovers are apt to flatter themselves. I fancied that Madam *d'Ambures* wou'd at length pity my Condition, and Pity melts the Soul to Love. But my Passion soon grew so strong, that I cou'd no longer restrain it. Every day Madam *d'Ambures* was exposed to the offer of my brutal Passion ; and I so provok'd her, that she began to hate me as much as I lov'd her. But as she was very prudent, she conceal'd her Resentment, lest my Brother shou'd discover what had happen'd, and she left him so seldom, that I could find no opportunity of speaking to her in private. This Carriage chang'd my  
Love



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Love into Rage. A thousand things I resolv'd within myself, which, if my Sister had not in time diverted, had in the end prov'd fatal.

As I had no opportunity of conversing as familiarly with Madam d'Anbures as I cou'd have wish'd, I sometimes went a Hunting, and often to my Sister's House, which was not above a League distant from my Brother's Seat. One day as I was walking in the Garden with her, my Passion of a sudden had such an influence over me, that I forgot we were together, and hastening with large Steps, I soon reach'd the Walk's end; then turning hastily about, walk'd back with as much precipitation, and was passing by my Sister without so much as seeing her, when she laid hold of my Sleeve: Sure, Brother, *said she*, your Head must be very full of important Business when you can so far forget yourself. I assured her, that it was not; and smiling, endeavour'd to divert the discourse. But she was too sensible of my Intent, and full of Female Curiosity, ask'd so many impertinent Questions, that I was forc'd to dissemble, and told her, that the Unevenness of my Brother's Temper was grown troublesome to me. And do you not, *said she*, with a malicious intent, see that he is so doatingly fond of his Wife, that for her sake he makes himself odious to every body else.

True, *answered I*, he does not reckon that Man amongst his Friends, who does not blindly admire every thing she does. As for my part, I have not so much sawning Flattery in my Temper, and for that reason I very often displease him. For these few Days last past, I have observed that I am grown troublesome, and as I sincerely love him, I cannot, without Grief, see him withdrawing his Friendship from me. This, Sister, was the cause of that disorder you just now saw me in. I pity you, *said she, her Eyes sparkling with malicious Joy*, and yet I cannot but think that you have met with your deserts; for this Brother and his Wife you doated on, whilst the poor Widow was slighted and forgotten: but, *continued she*, without giving me the time to answer her, I'll furnish you with the means of setting these two Persons at variance. How, *cry'd I very eagerly*, how can that be done, Sister? We must make him jealous of her, *reply'd she*, and that I fancy will be no difficult matter. You know that *Vignolles*, my late Husband's Nephew, has been in my House these three Months; he goes often to your Brother's, and we will persuade him, that 'tis Madam *d'Ambures* he goes to see. Fie, fie, Sister, *answered I*, how can you imagine that a Man of my Brother's good Sense should be jealous of one who visits him so seldom? We will persuade

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persuade him, *reply'd she*, that *Vignolles* has a Nocturnal Intrigue with his Wife; nay, you shall promise to give him evident Proofs of the matter: Tell him, that you will shew him *Vignolles* coming to his House by Night, and 'tis but reasonable to suppose that he will take you at your word. And how shall I keep it? *answered I*, unless we trust *Vignolles* with the Secret, and get him to play his part. There is no need of that, *reply'd my Sister*; I have discovered within this Day or two, that he is deeply in Love with *Gatina*, *Madam d'Ambures* Company-keeper. The Girl you know is handsome, and of no *Plebeian* Family; but she is poor, and knowing *Vignolles* to be rich, she has had cunning enough to get a Promise of Marriage from him, which he cannot perform before he is of Age. *Madam d'Ambures* is of a very severe Nature, and will not allow 'em to converse together for fear of the ill Consequences that might attend it; for this reason, *Gatina* has given him leave to see her every Night, and at the same time a Key of one of the Garden-doors, by which he comes in. I enquired into the Particulars of her Story, and whether she was sure of every Circumstance that she had told me. She answered, yes; and that she had it all from a Creature of her's, tho a Servant of *Vignolles*, who accompanied him every;

every Night. But, Sister, said I, shou'd I persuade my Brother that *Vignolles* is too well acquainted with his Wife, and he shou'd catch him coming by Night into his House, doubtless he will be guilty of some rash Action, and the Life of one who ought to be dear to you, will by that means be exposed. I cannot help that, said she, you may now do what you please. I have given you the best Counsel I am Mistress of, whatever you dislike in it, you may refuse to follow. Upon this she left me, and I plainly saw that the Death of *Vignolles* would be no great Grief to her, and the less, because her Daughter must, if he died intestate, inherit his Estate.

No sooner was I return'd to my Brother's House, but I went straight to Bed, my Soul fill'd with various Passions, and was revolving all that had been said to me, when my Brother unexpectedly came into my Chamber: He sat down on my Bed, and kindly embracing me, ask'd what was the matter? It was some time before I cou'd give him an Answer, but at last Rage for my slighted Love prevailed; and since I cou'd not be blest, I resolv'd to curse him and *Madam d'Ambures*: For which reason I told him, that for these two Months past, I had with pain conceal'd a thing which I was afraid wou'd wholly destroy the future Quiet of his



his Life, but, *continued I*, its Consequences must, for both our Honours, be prevented; and as I cou'd not do it without intrusting you with the Secret, I am obliged to reveal what I yet gladly wou'd hide. Know then, that *Madam d'Ambures* is false, and has an Intrigue with *Vignolles*. And how, *said he, in a Passion*, came you to know all this? Believe me, Brother, this is a Story invented by our wicked Sister, who always hated my Wife, and who wou'd be glad of an opportunity of sowing Dissension between us. That, *reply'd I*, is foreign to our present purpose; all that I can say to this Story, is, that you shall have ocular Demonstration of it, if you please. How? *cry'd he, hastily*. You must, *reply'd I*, spend a whole Night at your Study Window. *Vignolles* coming as usual to enter the Garden, will pass over that little Bridge which is directly opposite to your Window. And if he does come, *cry'd he, transported with Rage*, I'll take care he never shall return again: The Villain shall die. Either moderate your Passion for a while, *answer'd I*, or you never will have the pleasure of sacrificing the Cause of your Shame; the least thing will alarm a guilty Conscience. Shou'd *Madam d'Ambures* perceive any Alteration in you, she will immediately fancy that their whole Commerce is discover'd; and giving

giving *Vignolles* notice of it, will charge him, as well for his own safety as her quiet, never to come near her more till she has thought on some other Means not yet suspected, and less liable to discovery: And therefore if you'll take my advice in this Case, do not return to her to-night, 'tis already late: You may, however, pretend that you are going to Bed, and your Servants will the sooner think of doing so too. When every body shall be retired, we will go down, each with a Brace of Pistols, you to your Study-Window, I to the Garden-door over-against it, and there we can never miss him. My Brother blindly follow'd my Advice; and no sooner was he got into his Study, but I stole back again up Stairs to his Chamber, where I found a Candle burning, by the light of which I opened that little Door which answer'd to *Madam d'Ambures's* Bed, and softly stealing into it, I took the lovely sleeping Fair-One - into my Arms. This rouz'd her a little, and taking me for her Husband, she return'd Kifs for Kifs, and Caress for Caress. But alas! Dear Cousin, *continued* Biron, near as I thought myself to the Summit of Happiness, I never cou'd reach it; for whether Nature abhorr'd the Crime I was about to commit, or what else might be the Cause of it, I cannot tell, but a sudden Chill ran thro' my Veins, and froze

froze every part: Nor was I in a capacity of performing any thing, tho I had now obtain'd the long desir'd Opportunity. This shock'd me so prodigiously, or rather threw me into such a violent despair, that tho' it ought to have been my greatest Care to have left the Place without being discovered, yet cou'd I not forbear crying out, Cursed Wretch! Must thou be guilty of so horrid a Crime without enjoying thy Guilt? My Voice at once awaken'd and frightned Madam d'*Ambures*, who struggling, got loose from my Arms, and springing hastily out of Bed, ran into her Dressing-Room, and locked herself up. As for my part, I was so confounded, that I scarce knew where I was, nor shou'd I ever have thought of going had I not heard two Pistols go off. This Noise made me leap hastily out of Bed, and catching up my Gown, the only thing I was wrapp'd in when I came to Madam d'*Ambures*'s Chamber, I ran down to my Brother just at that very time he was calling me. He no sooner saw me, but he ask'd me in a very angry manner where I had been, and why I had not fir'd upon the Villain. This Question confounded me; but at last, recovering myself, I told him, that going to my Post I perceiv'd somebody coming softly towards the House, but whoever he was, doubtless he perceiv'd me, for he soon ran back again.

I pursued him, but in vain, for in the dark I lost him. Cursed Chance ! *said he* ; and by that means I have miss'd my intended Revenge. This 'Thought fired his Soul. However, *continued he*, if one has escaped my Fury, the other shall not. He said ; and was going up to *Madam d'Ambures's* Chamber ; but I diverted him from it, and manag'd his Temper so very well, that at last I carried him to my Apartment, where I told him, that 'twas much better to conceal than to publish Affronts of this nature, for with 'em we divulged our Shame. I urged farther, that there were means of revenging ourselves without Noise, and of making away with those who had injur'd us, without so much as being suspected. When I had brought him to the pitch I desired, we threw ourselves upon my Bed, without the least inclination or intent to sleep. No sooner did the Morning dawn, but he told me that he was resolved to go to our Sister's House, and if *Vignolles* was to be found, he wou'd fight him. I urged all that possibly I cou'd to divert him from this Resolution, but all in vain ; he had resolved, nor was it in my power to dissuade. At last I was obliged to give my Consent to it ; and down Stairs we went together, to order our Horses to be saddled. But here, *said Biron*, you may see how fast my Misfortunes



fortunes and Disgraces came upon me, for just as we were mounting, a Man came into the Court-yard, and ask'd one of the Foot-men whether Mrs. *Gatina* was stirring yet ; and if she was, to tell her, that there was one who desired to speak with her. My Brother was now jealous of every thing, and therefore calling the Man to him, he asked what he wanted. But he, confounded at the unexpected Question, answer'd never a Word. This increased my Brother's Jealousy, and he order'd his Servants to search him, which they did, and finding a Letter in his Pockets, they gave it my Brother, who read it first, and then deliver'd it to me. To the best of my Remembrance, it was much to the following Purpose.

**O**UR Commerce has been discover'd. And as we are obliged to converse together at so unseasonable an Hour, somebody has thought it a Criminal one ; at least I have reason to believe so, not only from somebody's lying in wait for me, but also from my Aunt's pressing me last Night to go even before my time. If you dare trust me, and can rely on that Promise of Marriage which I have given you, (and by my behaviour I am sure I have deserved the greatest Confidence that can be reposed in Man) you will follow the Bearer, whom I have let into the Secret, and who will conduct you safe to me. If  
you

*you deny this Request, you will for ever make me unhappy: And I am sure my Love has deserved that you shou'd pass over some Ceremonious Forms for its sake.*

I must confess, *continued the Chevalier*, that this Letter so confounded me, I was not able to utter one Word. My Brother's Rage sparkling in his Eyes, observ'd my Confusion; and in a triumphant manner, cry'd out, 'Thank Heaven! Madam d'Ambures is innocent, and the Malice of her Enemies will light on themselves, not on her. And that I never more may be deceived by your destructive Councils, I beg that you wou'd forbear my House, you will be much more at ease at our Sister's. Certainly, you cannot but agree, your Tempers are so very much alike. He said, and without giving me time to reply, left me: And I, fill'd with Rage and Despair, left his House, and going to my Sister's, gave her an Account how every thing had pass'd. She told me, that she met *Vignolles* as he was returning from his Nightly Rendezvous, who confess'd that he was in love with *Gatina*, but honourably in love. However, for what Reason he cou'd not tell, somebody had fired two Pistols upon him. To this she added, that upon this News she had obliged him to leave the House, lest the whole Story shou'd.

thou'd be discover'd. He had a great deal of good Fortune, *continued my Sister*, to escape this Danger. His good Fortune is owing to me, *reply'd I*, for had not I taken care to load my Brother's Pistols without Ball, he had never escaped his Fury. And so, *reply'd she*, your ill-timed Pity has destroy'd all our Designs. It has, *answer'd I*; but I could not consent to a Man's Death who had never done me the least Injury.

This was the Subject of our Morning's Conversation; and a Fortnight longer I staid at my Sister's House, but without being able to enjoy a Moment's pleasure. Madam d'Ambures was still before my Eyes, nor cou'd I drive the lovely Idea from me. At length I determin'd to return to *Malta*, hoping that such a distance might make me forget her, at least might teach me to think of her with less disquiet. But how, *continued the Chevalier*, shall I relate the sequel of my Story? which will make you look on me with Horror. His Words were here interrupted by such deep-fetch'd Sighs, and violent Sobs, that I thought he wou'd that moment have given up the Ghost. But in a little time he recover'd himself, and continued his Relation thus.

If you compare what you have already heard, to what I am going to tell you, my Actions hitherto cannot be accounted criminal. I had order'd all my Servants, *Previl* excepted, to set out betimes in the Morning, intending to follow 'em in two Hours time. But, to my eternal Confusion, my Sister perswaded me to stay and dine. This Complaisance of mine cost my Brother his Life, for I unfortunately met him on Horseback, in a Wood not far distant from his House, and thro' which I was obliged to pass. He had no body with him but a *Valet de Chambre*, who carried his only Child before him, a Boy about three or four Years old, and whom he lov'd dearer than his own Life. As soon as I saw him, transported with Rage, I cry'd out, I have now an opportunity of revenging myself on you for the Affront you did me, when, without the least regard to my being your Brother, you shamefully drove me from your House. Brother, *reply'd he*, I have the greatest Reason to complain; yet all the Injuries you have done me, shall never make me attempt a Brother's Death. Away, *cry'd I*, I have no time now to spend in Arguing, but if you have any value for your Life, defend it. Upon this we engaged, and my unhappy Brother lost his Life. His *Valet de Chambre* perceiving this, turn'd his Horse's Head about,



about, and was endeavouring to make his escape. But he had been a Witness of my Crime, and I thought myself obliged to make away with him, lest he shou'd discover me. I therefore pursued him Sword in hand. When he found it impossible to escape, he hastily set the Child down, and put himself in a Posture of Defence; but all in vain, he shar'd his Master's fate, and the second Blow I gave him I fell'd him dead at my Feet. But all this Blood cou'd not glut my thirsty Soul. I had a Victim in my hands, an only Child, which I was resolv'd to sacrifice, that Madam d'Ambures might not have the least Spark of Comfort left her. But not daring to shew so much Inhumanity in the presence of *Preville*, I order'd him to take the Child up before him, to hasten to *Paris* by all the By-roads he could find; and when he had taken care to deface all the Marks by which he might be known, he shou'd make away with him, and then come and meet me at my usual Quarters in *Paris*. This Order surprized him very much; but in obedience to it, he took the Child and left me. I was just got out of the Wood, when I call'd to mind that my Brother always carried his Wife's Picture in his Pocket, upon which I return'd, without once reflecting on the Danger, and alighting, search'd his Pockets, and

and there found it. I then began to reflect on what I had done, and stung with Remorse, I hastily left the Place. Two Days after my coming to *Paris*, *Preville* came to me, and told me, he had been punctual in executing all that I had commanded him. However, a little while ago I intercepted a Letter from his Brother, by which I found that the Child had been brought up by him, and that he now is in the Prince of *Clermont's* Service. This so enraged me, that without once considering the many Services he had done me, I gave him a slow Poison in his Drink. This is the Story I was willing to tell you, lest you should deplore my Loss. After this, *Madam*, continued the *Chevalier d'Ancour*, he talk'd to me a great while, but there was so little Connection in all he said, that I began to think he had not long to live, and accordingly in an Hour's time he breath'd his last.

As the Wind blew very fair, I soon made *Malta*, and there found *Preville* in a very miserable Condition, and drawing towards his End. He gave me three or four hundred Pistoles for his Brother, which I have brought. This, *Madam*, said the *Chevalier d'Ancour*, is all that I had to tell you.

The whole Company was so surpriz'd and confounded at this unexpected Story, that they sat looking on one another without

out being able to utter a Word. But *Charny* fearing that his Mother's Silence wou'd grieve *Tournon*, address'd himself to her: In my Opinion, Madam, *said he*, the unexpected pleasure of finding a Son whom you thought lost, ought to make you forget all former Afflictions. This Speech roused the good Lady from that Reverie into which the *Chevalier d'Ancour's* relation had thrown her. She was rising to embrace *Tournon*, but he was already at her Feet, saying all the soft and submissive things that Love and Respect cou'd inspire. The Lady caress'd him, nor wou'd she ever have done, had not the *Chevalier d'Ancour*, and his fair Sister, who little expected a discovery of this nature, come forwards, to congratulate them both. Madam *d'Ambures* sent for *Vineuil*, who was gone into an adjoining Chamber to pay some tears to the Memory of his Brother; and when he came in, she thank'd him in the most obliging and most grateful Terms she cou'd, for the Care he had taken in the Education of her Son, and then ask'd whether *Preville*, when he left the Child, did not tell him who he was. No, Madam, *reply'd Vineuil*; and to convince you that what I say is true, I must beg the favour of you to read this Letter.

As soon as *Madam d'Ambures* had read it, she fetch'd a deep Sigh; and turning towards *Vineuil*, told him, his Brother deserv'd a better Fate. Then addressing herself to *Lady Brunetta*: Well Cousin, *said she*, Do you think it possible for any body to be more persecuted than I have been by the *Chevalier Biron*. Indeed, *Madam*, *reply'd Lady Brunetta*, I admire your Patience, and must confess, that had I been in the same Case I cou'd not have been so much Mistress of my Passions; but my Conduct wou'd have been much more violent than yours: I cannot indeed deny, *reply'd Madam d'Ambures*, but that it might have been better for me to have given my Husband notice of his Brother's unlawful Love, and he might probably have prevented the ill Consequences of it. And is it possible, *cry'd Lady Brunetta in a surprize*, that you never gave your Husband the least hint of this Monster's Passion? I never did, *reply'd Madam d'Ambures*; and the Adventure of *Vignolles* has, till this Moment, been a Secret to me. But what Reason did your Husband give you, *Madam*, *said the Chevalier d'Ancour*, for the Difference between him and his Brother? He told me, *answer'd Madam d'Ambures*, that his Sister had found out that *Vignolles* was in love with *Gatina*; that he had offer'd to marry



marry her ; and that we were privy to this intended Match, and had help'd to carry it on. Upon this, he said, some Words arose between him and his Brother, and they parted. To this I answer'd, that I thought it imprudent for Friends and Brothers to quarrel about Strangers ; and therefore, Sir, *continued I*, if my Advice may be taken in this Affair, we'll send the Girl home to her own Relations. Accordingly the thing was done, and I have since heard that *Vignolles* has married her.

In this manner was the lovely Company conversing, when a Servant came to tell 'em that Supper was ready. They rose, and went into a Dining-Room not far distant from *Tournon's* Chamber, where a sumptuous Repast was serv'd. *Charny* was very gay and pleasant, nor cou'd he forbear rallying his Mother a little for the love which he thought she had bore *Tournon* before she knew him to be her Son. I believe, Madam, *said he*, that in the Character of a Lover he wou'd have pleased you as well. Madam *d'Ambures* was so far from being displeased at his Raillery, that she gave him room to carry it further. I believe, *said she*, that my frequent Visits to your Brother alarm'd you very much ; and you were apprehensive that if he did recover, you must respect him as a Father-in-law.

I really did think so once, Madam, *reply'd* Charny, but can assure you that I was under no apprehensions of this nature. You are very sensible that I never cou'd be concern'd about any such thing in my Life. But was I so selfish as to be mov'd with any such fear, my Brother's cold Reception wou'd have banish'd all such apprehensions from me. Methinks, I still see him shutting his Eyes, lest they shou'd meet yours, and there be obliged to read all those kind soft things that were so plainly writ in 'em. Indeed Son, *reply'd* Madam d'Ambures, you carry the Jest a little too far, and you have put me under an absolute necessity of justifying myself. Sure, Madam, *said* Tournon, you are well enough acquainted with my Brother's Temper, to know that he can spare nobody, but must rally every one, even without Grounds. No matter, *reply'd* the good Lady, I will now convince him that nothing in the World can be more unjust than to judge of things by their outward appearance. Then turning towards Aubry; Do you remember, *said* she, what 'twas my eldest Son was mark'd with when he was born? If my memory, Madam, does not grossly fail me, *reply'd* Aubry, 'twas with a Bunch of Currants near his Heart. I have that Mark indeed, *said* Tournon. Upon this, the Company desir'd

shew it; and he having satisfied them, *Madam d'Ambures* told 'em, how when *Tournon's* Wounds were dress'd the first time, she knew him by that Mark. And this, *Madam*, was the cause of your swooning then, *said Charny*? Indeed it was, *reply'd the good Lady*. And why, *said he*, was that Story made a Secret of to me? Because, *reply'd Madam d'Ambures*, in a Case like this, I thought the Proof was not strong enough, and waited for something more to convince us all. You see, *said Lady Brunetta* to *Charny*, how vainly you can imagine that People are in love. I am not the only one, *Madam*, *reply'd Charny*, that imagined it; for both my Brother, and *Aubry*, believ'd it as well as my self.

The Supper over, their Conversation grew more particular: For *Madam d'Ambures* enter'd into discourse with *Vineuil*, and *Tournon* with the *Chevalier d'Ancour*. *Charny* laid hold of this opportunity to get *Lady Brunetta* aside. Well, *Madam*, *said she*, may I ask whether you esteem me as much since you have known me to be a younger Brother as you did before? I never consider'd any thing in you, *reply'd Lady Brunetta*, but your Person; and therefore whatever Revolutions may happen in your Fortune, 'twill never cause any in my

Heart. What you say, Madam, *answer'd* Charny, has something so very obliging in it, that were there not so many Eye-witnesses round us, I wou'd throw myself at your Feet to thank you. This Respect has something, *said she*, so very strange in it, that I scarce know you again. Do not imagine, *interrupted Charny hastily*, that the Change of my Fortune has alter'd my behaviour towards you. Your last Kindness has made me love you sincerely, which, if I did not, your whole Estate shou'd never persuade me to tell you so. You are very ungenerous, *said Lady Brunetta*, to entertain the least Notion of this kind. Believe me, Madam, *reply'd Charny*, such is my Temper, that cou'd I once persuade myself you had such an unkind Thought of me ---

Their Conversation was here interrupted by Madam d'Ambures, who having said all to *Vineuil* that she wanted to say, address'd herself to the whole Company, and told them that 'twas very late, and high time, she believed, for every body to think of Rest. Charny was here obliged to conduct the Chevalier d'Ancour to the Apartment prepared for him, and *Tournon* having waited on Lady Brunetta, and his Mother, to theirs, return'd with *Vineuil* to his own Chamber. As soon as Charny was up, he went



went to see whether his Brother was yet stirring : but was told, that *Vincuil* and he were gone out a Horseback, and were taking the Air in the Park. Upon this he went down, intending to follow them, but met them in the Court-yard. *Tournon* had already alighted, and not able to walk upright, was leaning on a Footman's shoulder. I am afraid, Brother, *said Charny*, coming up to him, that you are but a very poor Horseman at this time. A very poor one indeed, *reply'd Tournon with a dejected Air.* By your looks, *said Charny*, one wou'd think it was a great Grief to you. It is the greatest I ever knew, *answered Tournon*, since I find myself incapable of serving the Prince of *Clermont* in the most important Circumstance of Life, and at a time when he most needs my service. Sure, Brother, *said Charny*, you must have a very mean Opinion of me, that you don't send me to the Prince in your stead ; assuring him, that he may confide as much in me as he might have done in you, had you been in a capacity to come yourself. Dear Brother, *said Tournon*, embracing him, if you love me well enough to do what you propose, you will again make me happy. I desire no longer than till to-morrow, *reply'd Charny*, to prepare myself for the Journey. *Tournon*, overjoy'd at *Charny's* promise, return'd to his

Chamber with *Vineuil*, whilst *Charny* went to the *Chevalier d'Ancour's* Apartment; and as soon as he was dress'd, they together went down to the Ladies Chamber, who were still in bed. Upon which the *Chevalier* rallied them for their laziness. We have had so little rest to-night, *said Madam d'Ambures smiling*, that I cou'd have wish'd you had deferr'd your Visit a little longer. I wish to God, *Madam, said Charny*, that I had been hid in some corner or other of the Chamber, that I might have heard all that was said, and have known what share I had in your thoughts and discourse. You are so very imprudent, *said she*, that 'twou'd be very hard if your Follies shou'd not be one Subject of our Conversation. But I wish, *continued she*, that you wou'd both walk into my Dressing-Room, whilst we get up. The Gentlemen, for fear of being troublesome even there, went down into the Garden, and there *Charny* told the *Chevalier d'Ancour*, that he was obliged to go and find the Prince of *Clermont* out for his Brother. If so, *said the Chevalier*, pray give me leave to bear you Company. I should be glad of an opportunity to get acquainted with a Man whose Praises the whole World so loudly sounds. *Charny*, far from denying the *Chevalier*, was extremely well pleased with his proposal. And their Conversation

on

on this head wou'd have lasted much longer, had it not been interrupted by the coming of Lady *Brunetta*, and Madam d'Ambures, who, upon coming up to 'em, immediately ask'd how it chanced that *Tournon* was not with them. He is very busy, Madam, *answer'd* Charny, in writing Letters, and preparing Dispatches. That is, *reply'd* Madam d'Ambures, as much as to say, that *Vineuil* is not to stay long with us. He sets out to-morrow, Madam, *answer'd* Charny, nor shall I stay behind him. What do you mean? *said* Madam d'Ambures, extremely surpriz'd at her Son's words. I mean, Madam, *answer'd* Charny, that my Brother, not able to undertake the Journey, has desired me to go to the Prince of *Clermont's* in his stead. And I am to accompany him, *said* the *Chevalier* d'Ancour. And why so? *cry'd* Lady *Brunetta*; Is it not enough that we lose Charny, but you must leave us too? I believe, Madam, *said* Charny, giving her his Hand, and leading her into another Walk some little distance from the *Chevalier* and his Mother, that my absence will give you but very little uneasiness. You don't deserve that it shou'd give me any, *reply'd* the Lady; but I am so accustomed to let you see the very bottom of my Heart, that I won't pretend to conceal my Sorrow for your absence. But how long,

*continued* she, shall you keep away from us? You ask me a Question, answered Charny, which I cannot positively resolve.

The Uncertainty of Charny's return so afflicted the Lady, that she cou'd not forbear shedding some Tears. Charny was so extremely moved at this Proof of her Love, that catching her Hand with a Transport which he had never felt before, he kiss'd it eagerly. There needs nothing more, Madam, said he, to hasten my return, since I know that you desire it. He wou'd have said more, had not they just at that instant reach'd the Walk's end, and there met Madam d'Ambures, and the Chevalier d'Ancour, who propos'd returning to the Company they had left within Doors; and in the Hall, they found Tournon and Vineuil, who waited for 'em.

The same Day in the afternoon, the Chevalier d'Ancour took Horse, and went to his Sister's House, to fetch the Money he had brought from Preville to Vineuil. As the two Seats were but six Miles distant from one another, he was back again betimes; and as soon as he alighted, he went directly up to Tournon's Chamber, where Vineuil was, to whom he gave the Money which his Brother had sent him: and that done, he left them, supposing that Tournon wou'd be glad to talk a little in private with him. Nor  
was



was he in the least mistaken ; for no sooner was the Chevalier gone, but he gave *Vineuil* a Letter for *la Motte*, and desired the Old Man to assure her, that the great Happiness which his good fortune had brought with it, was the hopes of her being one day a partaker of it.

At Supper-time the good Company met again, and the rest of the Evening was spent in taking their leaves of one another. *Madam d'Ambures* treated *Vineuil* in the most civil manner imaginable, and forced him to accept of a fine Diamond Ring for his Wife. The next day *Charny*, and the Chevalier *d'Ancour* set out with *Santeuil* and *Vineuil*, which last Person left them at the Stage where they dined, and took the *Paris Road*, whilst the others proceeded towards *Holland*, and made such good haste, that two Days afterwards they arrived there. The Prince's Soul was at that time fill'd with care for *Madam de Ravezan*, from whom he had just received a Letter. No sooner did he see *Charny*, but embracing him with Joy, You never, my dear *Charny*, said he, could come in a more seasonable time for my relief. I want such a Friend's assistance as you are, in an Affair on which the future Happiness of my Life wholly depends. I came here for no other reason, answered *Charny*, but to offer you my ser-

vice; and to assure you, that you may employ me just as you please. I thank you, answered the Prince; nor did I expect less from the generous Charny. And you may, added he, judge of my Misfortunes, and of the need I stand in of my Friends, by this Letter. He said, and at the same time gave him the Letter he had just received from Madam de Ravezan, which he open'd, and in it read the following Words.

*Madam de Ravezan to the Prince of Clermont.*

*I Am now, by order of the Dutches's your Mother, in the hands of the Count de Roussillon, and by that means am every day exposed to the brutal Addresses of his Natural Son, for whose Wife I am design'd. You know how much 'tis your Interest to prevent a Misfortune of this kind. This is all I have now time to tell you.*

*'Tis true, said Charny to the Prince, as soon as he had read the Letter, that incapable as you are to succour the Object of your Love now in distress, no Man wou'd more deserve to be pitied than you, had you not Friends to undertake your Cause; and who, proud of the opportunity of serving*

ving you, wou'd not engage in it with as much Zeal as you your self cou'd. Let me then know what is properest to be done in this Case, and I fly to do it. Nor am I come alone ; I have brought a Relation of mine with me, a Chevalier, who is a Man of Sense and Courage, he will esteem it as an Honour and Happiness to serve a Prince with whose Reputation he is already enamour'd. Dear Charny, said the Prince, embracing him, to you doubtless I owe the good Opinion that your Relation has of me. But pray now, continued he, where have you left him ? In your Antichamber, Sir, answer'd Charny ; and, if you will give him leave, he'll come himself, and confirm what I have told you. He has waited too long already, reply'd the Prince. I beg he may stay no longer from me. Charny went out, and told the Chevalier what had pass'd between him and the Prince, and how much they stood in need of him. And he assur'd Charny, that he was ready to follow him every where. Upon this, they both went into the Chamber, and Charny presented him to the Prince, who received him with a great deal of Kindness. After the first Ceremonies which attend an Interview of this nature, the Prince ask'd how Tournon did. He wou'd be very well, answered Charny, did not a Wound in his Thigh prevent his getting on Horseback ;

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back; and I believe the thoughts of his being incapable to serve you, wou'd have kill'd him, had he not in me found one to supply his Place.      Dear Charny, said the Prince, *Tournon's* Zeal has made him forget who you are.      When you know, Sir, who *Tournon* is, reply'd Charny, you will own, that far from being uncivil he has in this given me a sure Token of his Love. And to keep you no longer in suspense, be so kind as to read that Letter which he sends you. The Prince opened it, and found the following Words contain'd in it.

*Tournon to the Prince of Clermont.*

*I* Believe, Sir, that it will not surprize you less than it did me, to hear that the brave Charny is my Brother. The Particulars by which I have been discovered, he himself will relate to you. I have desired him to supply my Place at this time; nor could I desire it more heartily than he was willing to go about it. I shou'd envy any Man living but himself, the happiness of serving you at so critical a Juncture.

As soon as the Prince had read the Letter, he looked upon Charny with a great deal of surprize, and ask'd him, whether *Tournon* really was his Brother. He really  
is,

is, Sir, reply'd *Charny*. And seeing that the Prince was desirous to know by what means he had been discover'd, *Charny* was obliged to relate what had happened. And the Prince, *amazed at what was told him*, assured him, that had the Story been related by any body else, he never cou'd have believ'd it.

The Prince then told *Charny*, that the Gentleman who brought the Letter belong'd to the Count *de Roussillon*, and was the same who by order of the Dutchess his Mother, had conducted *Madam de Ravezan* to his Master's House. As the Count is now past all hopes, *continued the Prince*, this Gentleman is gone Post to *Paris* to give his Grandson notice of it; and he has promised to return this way to receive my Orders. If my Advice, Sir, may be follow'd, *answer'd Charny*, we will not wait his return: for if the Count was so very bad when he set out, he may probably by this time be dead. And then *Madam de Ravezan* might apprehend every thing from the Chevalier *de Fronsac*, who passes for one of the most violent and most brutal Men living. You reason very justly, *answered the Prince*, and therefore without loss of time I'll send for three or four Officers, my intimate Friends, who will accompany you. We have brought two Gentlemen with us, *said Charny*,  
whose

whose Courage we are perfectly well acquainted with ; but we ought to know directly what Place we must go to. That you shall, answered the Prince ; for I have a *Valet de Chambre*, who once belong'd to the young Count ; he is extremely well acquainted with the Country, and shall be your Guide. But do you consider, Sir, said Charny, that not one of us knows *Madam de Ravezan*, and if things shou'd come to extremities, and there should be no other way of recovering her but by force, we shou'd find it a very difficult matter to discover her ? At this, the Prince embracing him ; I do not in the least doubt, said he, but that the Undertaking of the brave Charny will succeed, since he can thus foresee and prevent every inconveniency. Upon this, he immediately sent for *Beaujeu*, (this was the Name of a Gentleman in whom the Prince confided very much, and who knew *Madam de Ravezan*) and having given him a Letter for that Lady, order'd him to be in a readiness to set out next Morning with Charny, and the *Chevalier d'Ancour*.

Things being contrived after this manner, and the Officers being come, they all took their leaves of the Prince, and retired.

The



The next Day they were on horseback by Morning's dawn; and tho they rode hard that and the following Days, yet so impatient was *Charny*, that he was perpetually complaining of the little speed they made. One Day above the rest, he made the Company set out sooner than usual, and scarce had they rode two Leagues before the *Valet de Chambre*, who serv'd them for a Guide, shew'd them a large Wood, and told them it belong'd to the Count *de Roussillon*. Heaven be praised! *said Charny*, we are then almost come to our Journey's end. And my mind foretells me, *said the Chevalier d'Ancour*, that the Journey will be a successful one. In this manner they talk'd, riding on towards the Wood, when they saw a Coach and six coming towards them, with some Horsemen before it. Upon which, the Guide coming up to *Charny*, told him, that the Livery belong'd to the Count *de Roussillon*, and, if he did not grossly mistake, the *Chevalier de Fronsac* was at the Head of those Horsemen. If so, *said Charny*, we must e'en prepare for a Scuffle; for in all probability *Madam de Ravezan* is in that Coach. *Beaujeu*, willing to see whether or no she was there, rode forwards, and having seen her, return'd to give *Charny* an account of it, who, without any more to do, went up to the Postilion,

Postilion, and clapping a Pistol to his Breast, bid him stand; and the mean while another cut the Horses Reins. *Fronfac* seeing this, took them for Thieves, without considering how they were dress'd, and how much like Men of Quality they look'd; and coming towards them Sword in hand, cry'd, It is not so easy a matter to rob me as probably you imagine. The Chevalier *d'Ancour*, Sword in hand, answer'd him, that he was not mistaken in their Design, for they came with an intent to rob him of a Treasure which he was unworthy of. *Fronfac* understood his meaning but too well; and, grown furious, he left the Chevalier *d'Ancour*, and riding hastily up to the Coach, fired a Pistol at *Madam de Ravezan*, but happily miss'd her, thro rage and hurry, and the Ball went thorow the Coach. Just at this instant the Chevalier *d'Ancour* came up with him: Dastard Wretch! said he, thou must die. After this they engaged, nor was the Combat interrupted, but by *Fronfac's* Death. As soon as those who accompanied him saw him fall, they immediately threw down their Arms, and ask'd for Quarter, which *Charny* as readily granted.

As soon as every thing was calm, *Charny*, and the Chevalier *d'Ancour*, alighted, to salute *Madam de Ravezan*, whom they found extremely frighten'd; and, to comfort her,

one

one of them came forwards, and said, You have no longer any reason, Madam, to fear, since your Enemy is no more, and those who are about you are the Prince of Clermont's Friends. At the same time *Beaujeu* was called, who delivered her a Letter from the Prince, which she hastily open'd, and in it read as follows.

*The Prince of Clermont to Madam de Ravezan.*

**W**ILL it not very much surprize you, my Dear Princess, to find that I could bear the Story of your Misfortunes, and live? Or will you not be apt to imagine, that my Wounds have not only weaken'd my Body, but also my Love? Yet I beg you not to entertain a thought of this nature. Be just to my Love, and judge it by your own. Adieu, my beauteous Princess, I burn with impatience for an opportunity of assuring you, by word of mouth, that my whole Happiness consists in loving, and being beloved by you.

As soon as *Madam de Ravezan* had read the Letter, she fetch'd a deep Sigh: Alas! poor Prince, said she, how many Misfortunes have befallen you at once? Certainly, said she, addressing herself to *Beaujeu*, the Prince

is very far from being well, since he did not come himself. If the brave *Charny*, and the Chevalier *d'Ancour*, Madam, reply'd Beaujeu, had not offer'd their Service to the Prince, and promised to deliver you, he was resolved to come himself. How he would have executed his Resolution, I cannot tell, for he is as yet unable to get on Horseback.

Madam *de Ravezan* then thanked *Charny*, and the Chevalier *d'Ancour*, in a very obliging manner for their Kindness. After which, *Charny* told her, that if she wou'd follow his advice, 'twou'd be best for her to leave the Place, and return with them; for there is no great likelihood I believe, said he, of your desiring to go back to the Count *de Roussillon's*. I assure you, Sir, answered she, that I had much rather be guilty of some little thing, which may be call'd indecent by the World, and go away with a Company of Men, than put myself again into his power. You know nothing of his Death then, Madam, said *Senneville* (this was the Name of *Fronfac's* Neice, who was in the Coach with Madam *de Ravezan*.) And is the Count then dead? cry'd the Lady. 'Tis too true, Madam, answer'd *Senneville*; he died before my Uncle hurried you from his House. Villain! cry'd Madam *de Ravezan*, the Nunnery to which he pretended



*P. of Clermont and M. Ravezan.* 115  
to carry me, was then all a Fiction, a Cloak  
only, under which he might convey me  
away, the better to execute his wicked De-  
signs.

*Senneville* here interrupted *Madam de Ra-  
vezan*, to tell her that there was a Coach  
and six coming towards them; and by the  
Liveries, *said she*, it should belong to the  
Countess *de Losnac*, Neice to the late Count  
*de Roussillon*. *Madam de Ravezan*, overjoy'd  
to find an Opportunity from which she  
hoped no little Assistance, desired *Charny* to  
meet the Lady, and beg the favour of her  
to stop her Coach a moment, but she pre-  
vented him; for seeing her Uncle's Coach,  
she stop'd, and sent one of her Servants to  
know who was in it.

*Madam de Ravezan* seeing this, imme-  
diately alighted, and went up to the Coun-  
tess's Coach, and saluting her, said, You see  
an unfortunate Wretch, Madam, who is come  
to implore your Aid and Protection. The  
Sight of so beautiful a Lady at once preju-  
diced the Countess in her favour, who with  
a great deal of Tenderness in her Face, told  
her she should be glad of an opportunity  
of serving her. But, Madam, *continued she*,  
I would willingly know whether that  
Coach, whose Equipage seems to be in so  
great a Disorder, does not belong to the  
Count *de Roussillon*; and who that Man is,  
who

who lies there stretch'd upon the Ground. The Place is very unfit for a Tale of this nature, *reply'd Madam de Ravezan*; but if you are going to the Count *de Roussillon's*, I should be glad to accompany you thither: and I believe, Madam, that when you know who I am, you will not be sorry that you have done me this piece of service. The Countess of *Losnac*, who was naturally very civil, made Madam de *Ravezan* come in and sit down by her, and *Senneville* over against 'em; and the former desired *Charny* and the Chevalier *d'Ancour* to accompany them.

As they were going on, the Countess of *Losnac* cast her Eyes on *Senneville*, whom she presently knew, and seeing her half buried in Grief, she ask'd the Occasion of it. Alas! Madam, said *Senneville*, my Uncle is slain. How, *Senneville*, cry'd the Countess in a Surprise, was the Corse I just now saw, the Chevalier *de Fronsac*? I wish to God, said Madam de *Ravezan*, interrupting her, that you had given me time to justify myself before you had heard the News of his Death; but since *Senneville* has already told it you, I must no longer conceal his Crime from you. Know then, Madam, that had not these Gentlemen come in time to my Assistance, I should now be in the power of the Chevalier *de Fronsac*, who was forcing me away. I knew him so very well,

well, *answer'd the Countess*, that I do not in the least question but he deserv'd his Fate. But tho his Behaviour to me has been very different from what it ought to have been, yet I have Charity enough to forgive him. She then order'd her Servants to carry off the Body, and addressing herself to *Madam de Ravezan*, If you will follow my Advice, *said she*, you must not appear before the Count *de Roussillon*; fly quickly, fly the Anger of a Man, who will severely revenge the Death of one whom he so dearly loved. Alas! *said Madam de Ravezan*, I wish he was in a condition now to make me apprehend any thing from his Anger; but far from being an Object of Fear, he is nothing now but an Object of Pity. What do you tell me! *cry'd the amazed Countess*, the Tears starting from her Eyes: Is my Uncle then dead? Alas! *Madam, answer'd Senneville*, too soon you'll hear this fatal News confirmed, since we are just arrived.

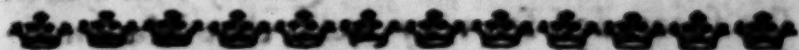
No sooner did the Coach stop in the Court-yard, but a Gentleman of the late Count's came to receive 'em, and that Grief which sate upon his Face too plainly told the Countess, that the News she had just now heard was true; and as the Intent of her Journey was to pay her Uncle a Visit, and not the last Duties, she shed some pious Tears to his Memory.

*Charny* and the *Chevalier d'Ancour* handed the Countess and *Madam de Ravezan* from the Coach to a large Hall, where, as soon as they were arrived, the Countess *de Losnac* begged *Madam de Ravezan's* pardon for a little while, telling her that she must go and give a few necessary Orders in the Family, which she accordingly did; and then the Gentlemen and Ladies, with *Senneville*, sat down, and began a general Conversation.

But this general Discourse did not last long, the Countess soon let *Madam de Ravezan* see how impatiently she desired to know by what means she had fallen into the *Chevalier de Fronsac's* power. To obey your Orders, said *Madam de Ravezan*, I must trace things very far back, and I am afraid that my Tale would prove long and tedious. The Countess assured her, that she had no reason to apprehend any such thing; and *Madam de Ravezan* having thank'd her for the Esteem she already seem'd to have for her, began her Relation in the following manner.

*The*





*The History of Mademoiselle de Bou-  
sat, of the Count de Rochefort, of  
the Prince of Clermont, and of  
Madam de Ravezan.*

**M**Y Grandfather was descended from one of the best and most ancient Families in *England*, but he did not long survive King *Charles* the First; for being a very zealous Partizan of that unfortunate Prince, he could not at his Death dissemble his Grief and Resentment: by which means he drew the Hatred of the Parliament upon himself, who confiscated his Estate, ruined his Family, and broke his Heart. As the Marchioness *de Bousat*, his Lady, was a *Roman*, she was obliged for her Safety to fly into *France*; and with her she took her Sister and her only Daughter, a Child of about eight or nine Years of Age, and who was already so beautiful, that every one who saw her said, that if no Accident did alter her Features and Complexion, she would one day be a perfect Beauty. The Marchioness, who loved her Daughter dearly, and whose Hopes were all center'd in that Child,

Child, made it her whole study to give her an Education suitable to her Quality ; in which she succeeded so very well, that *Mademoiselle de Bousat* was but just turn'd of Fifteen when she became the Object of every one's Admiration, and gain'd the Hearts of several young Men of Quality ; amongst others, the young Count of *Rocheport* was conquer'd, who proved the most zealous of her Lovers. It was no easy matter for him to see or speak with *Mademoiselle de Bousat* : but these Difficulties, far from daunting, did but inflame the young Count, who left no way untry'd to gain Admittance to his Mistress ; and he succeeded so very well, that the *Marchioness* at last gave him leave to visit her Daughter, who must have had neither Eyes nor Heart, had she been long deaf to the Count's Passion ; and as he never hid any thing from her, he plainly told her, he fear'd that his Father's sordid Temper would prove an Obstacle to their mutual Happiness. This very much alarm'd the young Lady, and several Days the two Lovers continued in a cruel State of Uncertainty, not knowing what to resolve : but at length they concluded, that it would be far better to deceive the *Marchioness*, than venture to ask his Father's Consent, lest he should not only refuse it, but take care to separate them for ever.

Things

Things being therefore concerted between 'em, the Count *de Rochefort* one day told the Marchioness, that he had wrote a Letter to his Father, desiring his Consent, and he expected an Answer from him in a very short time.

The young Count was generous and noble, nor did he thus impose upon the Lady without a great deal of Reluctance ; but he loved the Daughter to Distraction, and he could think of nothing but satisfying his Love: to this end, some little time after he brought a Gentleman to the Marchioness, pretending that he was sent by his Father to conclude the Marriage. This Gentleman managed Matters so very well, that as much Wit and Sense as the Marchioness had, she never in the least mistrusted him ; nor would it have been an easy matter to have suspected the Cheat, for this Gentleman in every Article of the Contract stood up with a great deal of Warmth for the young Count's Interest, and disputed even every Trifle: but as he did it only to obtain his Ends with the greater Ease, he insensibly yielded to the Marchioness's Reasons, and sign'd the Contract.

Things having been thus agreed upon, the Count *de Rochefort* was married to *Made-moiselle de Bouzat* ; and as all their Joys were center'd in each other, they never once

troubled themselves with the ill Consequences which might attend their hasty Marriage.

The Marchioness *de Bousat* expected that her Son-in-law should carry his Wife to his Father's House immediately after their Marriage; but as she did not so much as hear him mention the least thing of it, she resolved to talk to him about it, when the young Countess found that she was breeding; she told her Husband of it, who was doubly overjoy'd at the News; for no Excuse could have been imagined better than this, and therefore he went to his Mother-in-law, and told her that he had received a Letter from his Father, who impatiently expected him with his Wife, and desired to know whether he might not with Safety venture to carry the young Lady down in that Condition.

As the Marchioness loved her Daughter very tenderly, and believed the Count sincere in what he said, she desired him to stay till her Daughter was brought to bed. You may easily imagine, *continued Madam de Ravezan*, that the Count was prevailed upon to stay till that time.

In this State were the Count's Affairs, when, unfortunately for him, his Father thought of recalling him home; to which end, he sent him a Letter, telling him that  
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the time which he had allotted him for the Performance of his Exercises was elapsed, and at the same time ordering him to return. But the Count lov'd his Wife too well to leave her in that Condition, and having no good excuse for his stay, he never answered his Father's Letter.

Some few Days after this, the Countess was safely brought to Bed of me. The Count my Father was with her Day and Night; and nothing cou'd have equall'd her Happiness, had he not been apprehensive of being shortly forced away from her. Nor was his Fear groundless, for the Countess was not up again, when a Gentleman came to him from the Count his Father, with orders to bring him away with him. And tho this Gentleman was his Friend, he cou'd not obtain a delay of above seven or eight Days, to take his leave of his Acquaintance. This so afflicted him, that he found it no difficult Matter to persuade the Marchioness, that his Father lay very ill.

And as she very much confided in him, she never mistrusted any thing, but made him hasten away, lest his Father shou'd die before he cou'd arrive. As for my Mother's part, the Case was very different with her: She look'd on this Separation as the greatest Misfortune that cou'd befall her.

And tho' my Father a thousand times protested that he wou'd very shortly return, yet cou'd nothing stop her Tears. Never was a Parting more tender and more painful.

But as Misfortunes seldom come single, some few Days after my Father's setting out, the Marchioness *de Bousat* died, and my Mother found herself in the power of an Aunt, who was continually upbraiding her, and saying in the haughtiest Terms that she cou'd possibly think of, that she ought to go look out for her Husband, for there was no great likelihood of his ever coming back to her. One Day above the rest, my Aunt was repeating the old Story, and my Mother, to shew her the impossibility of what she urged, related the Story of their Marriage, and confessed the whole Truth. How my Aunt treated her after this, I cannot tell; but some few Days after she disappear'd, nor has she ever since been heard of.

My Aunt unwilling to have the Truth known, told her Neighbours, that her Neice was gone to her Husband in the Country, who had sent for her. When I grew up, my Aunt told me the whole Story, at the same time adding, that I must not expect to be us'd with that Indulgence that she had. As young as I was, continued Ma-  
dam

*dam de Ravezan*, I enquired much after my Father, of what Family and Province he was; nor did this Enquiry prove uselefs, for without it I shou'd not yet have known that the Count *de Rouffillon* was my Grandfather. I thought so, from the very beginning of your Story, *said the Countess de Lofnac, embracing her*; but I was very unwilling to interrupt you, before I was fully satisfied of it.

*Charny*, and the Chevalier *d'Ancour*, were so surprized to hear that *Madam de Ravezan* was the late Count's Grand-daughter, that they gazed on her some time, unable to utter a Word: But the former recovering himself, And cou'd he, *Madam, said he*, hear who you was, without loving you? Sure, he must have been a very hard-hearted Man. He never saw me, *reply'd Madam de Ravezan*; the Chevalier *de Fronsac* govern'd him so very strangely, that he persuaded him that he must neither see me himself, nor send any body to me. But to unravel this strange Story; I must proceed in order.

My Aunt fearing lest I should meet with some Adventure like that of my Mother, led a very retired Life. But one Day it accidentally happen'd, that we were visiting a Lady, a Friend of my Aunt's, who wou'd needs carry us to the Play. My Aunt at

first refused it; but her Friend pressed her so very hard, that she was at last obliged to give her Consent. I was so well pleased with the thoughts of going to a Play, that I don't in the least question but it made me look very agreeable; and the Prince of *Clermont*, who was then in the Stage-Box, thought me so; for his Eyes were all the while fixed upon me: And as he was a fine Gentleman, I cou'd not forbear observing how attentively he gaz'd. As my Aunt did really love Plays, and only condemned 'em thro Policy, she listen'd so attentively, and was so busy in making her Friend observe the beauteous Passages, that she never so much as dreamt of my Conquest. We went home together; and as soon as we had supp'd, my Aunt being in a very gay Humour, propos'd spending the Evening with one of her Neighbours, whose Name was *Toury*. She was a Widow, had an only Daughter, and, as her Circumstances were narrow, she was obliged to live very retired. There was not a great deal of difference between *Madam de Toury* and my Aunt's Temper, which had not a little contributed to that strict Friendship which was between 'em. As for my part, who had seldom any other Company or Diversion, I pass'd my time very agreeably with her Daughter *Mariana*. Part of the Evening I  
spent



spent in telling her what fine Play we had seen, and relating the Story on which the Plot was founded. Nor did I forget to tell her, that I had seen the Prince of *Clermont*. I cannot tell whether I commended him too much; but *Mariana* smiling, said, I do not in the least question but the Prince pleased you as much as the Play. This Discourse surprized and confounded me. I blush'd, and cou'd not answer, without knowing why I blush'd; but luckily for me, my Aunt rose, and saved me the trouble of answering *Mariana*.

Some few Days after this, *Mariana* came to see me in the Morning before I was up, and, with Joy in her Face, said to me, If you love me, you will rejoice at a Piece of good News which I have just now heard. My Mother's Sister is coming to spend the Carnival at *Paris*, and with her brings her Daughter *Monblina*, who, without any Flattery, I may say, has very few Equals in Wit and Beauty: I must beg some Part of your Friendship for her, upon Condition that that Part shall not be taken away from me.

What she had said of her Relation, made me earnestly desire to see her; nor did I afterwards ever meet *Mariana*, without asking how long 'twou'd be before she came. One Day that I repeated the Question, she told

told me, I shou'd soon be satisfied, for her Cousin was arrived. Some few Days after this, *Madam de Toury* came and invited my Aunt to Supper, telling her, that there wou'd be nobody there but her Sister and Neice. Accordingly we went, and were but just arrived, when a Footman came to tell *Madam de Toury*, that her Sister cou'd not come. This grieved me prodigiously; nor cou'd I hide my Sorrow from *Mariana*, who rallied me, and said, I longed for her Cousin's Company only that I might dispute the Prize of Beauty with her. This was the Subject of our Conversation till Supper; and that over, *Madam de Toury* desired that she might send for Musick, and some of her Neighbours Daughters, that we might dance. My Aunt was in a very good Humour that Evening, and easily consented to it. We had scarce began Dancing, when word was brought, that there were some Masks at the door. This vex'd my Aunt at first: But *Madam de Toury* assured her, it cou'd be no body but her Sister and Neice; and immediately order'd, that they shou'd be admitted. *Mariana* heard what her Mother said; and coming up to me with a smile, Come, come, Girl, said she, you have no time to lose; sum up all your Charms, that you may not be excelled by *Monblina*. I had no time to answer her, for the Company came in dress'd.

dress'd in a very gallant manner. There were three Women, and a very genteel Man. I was so very desirous to know *Monblina*, that I was going to ask her Cousin to shew me which was she, when *Mariana* brought her up to me. After the first Civilities on each side, I begg'd her to unmask, which she readily did, and was willing to hide her Face from the rest of the Company: But I hinder'd her, and told her, she shou'd not deprive 'em of so agreeable an Object. My coming in Masquerade, answer'd *Monblina*, is doubtless a great Advantage to me, for without it I shou'd not appear agreeable to you.

Part of the Night was spent in Dancing; nor did we think the time long: But my Aunt, who was not accustomed to sit up late, at length took me away with her. But before I went, *Monblina* came and embraced me. The beautiful *Ravezan*, said she, must be very insensible, if she cou'd see what pass'd in my Heart, and not be moved.

*The End of the Second Part.*

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